

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,005

MARCH 9, 1889

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

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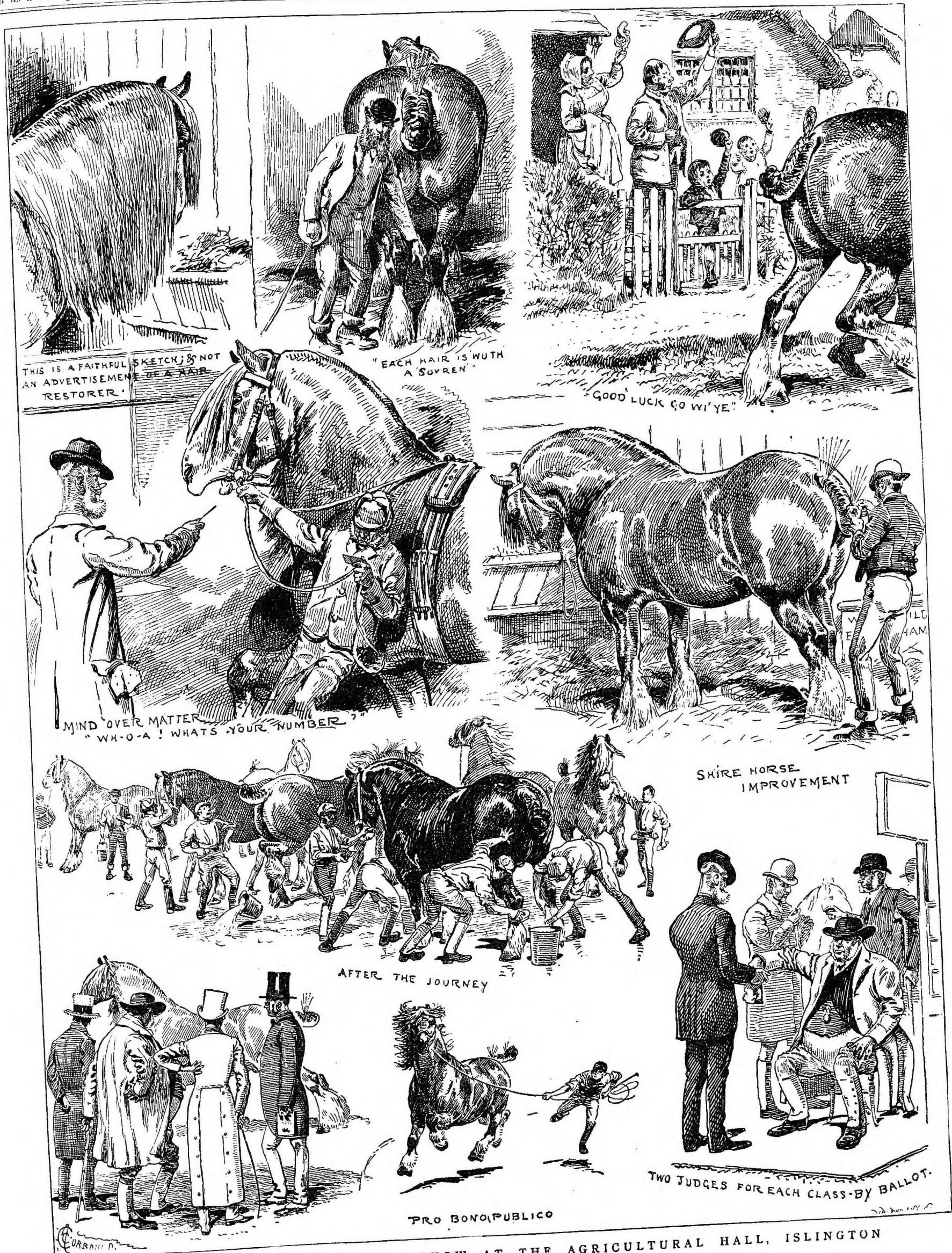
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

1,006.—VOL. XXXIX.
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ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1889

ENLARGED TO
TWO SHEETS [PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post Ninepence Halfpenny]



THE SHIRE HORSE SOCIETY'S SHOW AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL, ISLINGTON

Topics of the Week

PUBLIC OPINION AND THE SPECIAL COMMISSION.—Few persons at the end of last week would have thought it likely that such a shifty, unprincipled, self-indulgent old man as Richard Pigott would commit suicide. Yet so he did, and the self-slaughter was deliberately planned in the event of certain contingencies occurring. His death is a manifest misfortune to the *Times*, and to the Loyalist party generally, for, had he survived, certain mysteries might have been unravelled which will now perhaps for ever remain unsolved. Meanwhile, the unseemly jubilation indulged in by certain Gladstonian and Parnellite newspapers is natural enough. It is their cue to argue that, with the withdrawal of the incriminating letters, the case put forward by the *Times* has collapsed, and that the innocence of the parties accused has been triumphantly established. Cool-headed observers will scarcely admit this view. The "letters" were eagerly seized upon by a sensation-loving public, but their value, or want of value, has no bearing on the voluminous evidence previously adduced. Let us turn, however, to what is really a more important branch of the subject. What has been the effect of the revelations made before the Commission on public opinion generally? We may venture to say that, although the repetition in a compact form of the various atrocities which have been perpetrated in Ireland since 1879 has revived the horror and loathing which were felt at the time when these outrages were first reported, yet the fresh recital of this twice-told dismal tale has aroused among men of all parties an earnest desire to do something which will permanently pacify the malcontents of the sister-island. Further remarks on this undoubted tendency are given under a separate heading.

PRESIDENT HARRISON'S MESSAGE.—It was natural that in his first Message General Harrison should dwell upon the fact that with his accession to the Presidency his country entered upon the second century of its history under the Constitution. He offers a glowing review of the material progress of the United States; but some of his hearers may, perhaps, have remembered that even America, with all its immense resources, has not wholly escaped, and will certainly not in future escape, from the pressure of some of those social problems which cause perplexity and anxiety in the Old World. Some hints were thrown out as to the necessity of controlling immigration, and the fact that this question was raised may be taken as an indication that the new President foresees the possibility of grave dangers arising from the growth of poverty. With regard to the maintenance of a Protective tariff he spoke clearly enough; but he had to take refuge in vague commonplaces when he expressed his belief that Protection could be so manipulated as to prevent the existence of an inconvenient annual surplus. His remarks on the Civil Service show that, so far as this great element of the national life is concerned, President Harrison has no wish to be classed with Reformers, and the line he takes on the question will not be very severely condemned by any one who remembers that, like all the Presidents who have preceded him, he is under heavy obligations to a crowd of hungry office-seekers. Civil Service Reform will become possible only when the people generally prove that they are in earnest about the matter, and as yet they have proved nothing of the kind. No fault can be found with President Harrison's references to foreign policy; but the world would have more confidence in his assurances if the relations of the United States to other nations were to be regulated during his term of office by a less impetuous statesman than Mr. Blaine. So long as the Canadian difficulty remains unsolved, England will probably have no reason to congratulate herself on Mr. Blaine's predominant influence in the new Administration.

THE CROFTERS.—If hearty good will could bring prosperity to the crofters, it would be theirs to-morrow. Both parties in the House of Commons recognise that terrible, and, for the most part, quite undeserved suffering exists among these starving people; both admit too, that something ought to be done. But the moment it comes to drafting a remedial scheme, the practical difficulties are found to be insurmountable. The main elements are precisely the same as those which present themselves in the West of Ireland. A constantly increasing population clings to wretched land, which even at the best of times scarcely repays tillage. There is no lack of industry among them, but a terrible want of enterprise. Although America beckons to them to come over and share her ample stores, they will not budge. As for migrating to less populated parts of Scotland, few of them possess the means to stock even the smallest farms. Mr. Chamberlain, who has given much thought to these poor folk, is hopeful of good from a well-considered scheme of emigration under Government control and guidance. But before making that experiment, it would be well to ascertain whether a sufficient number of crofters would avail themselves of it to relieve the congested districts. Then, too, how could State aid be refused to starving English people desirous of seeking their fortunes abroad?

Mr. Chamberlain, returning to his earlier manner, asserts that there is "a basis of wrong" underlying the sufferings of the crofters. Assuming that this is the case—though it is not easy to see where the wrong lies—might not the hungry ones of English cities advance precisely the same grounds for being helped out of the taxpayers' pockets to cross the ocean? And if this boon were granted in their instance, all inducement to working-class families to save their passage money out of their earnings would be gone. State-aided emigration may become necessary to keep down an over-prolific population, but, before embarking in it, we should carefully consider where the limits should be placed. It is easy to start philanthropic machinery; not so easy to make it obey the order, "Thus far and no farther."

MR. AIRD'S EIRENICON.—It would be remarkable—only that Irish history is full of such anomalies—that, although Home Rule has been passionately demanded for twenty years past, none of the recognised chiefs of the movement—neither Mr. Butt, Mr. Shaw, nor Mr. Parnell—have ever formulated what they mean by Home Rule. They have never constructed a definite scheme, brought it before Parliament, and said distinctly, "This is what we want." It was left for an Englishman to devise such a scheme, but unfortunately his plan, apart from its intrinsic merits or disadvantages, was discredited by the manner of its appearance. It seemed—we do not say that it was—due less to a genuine change of belief than to a desire to regain office by Parnellite aid. At all events, Mr. Gladstone's scheme was rejected, and nothing has since been put forward in its place. Yet the state of Ireland cannot be called satisfactory. The energetic action of the Chief Secretary has repressed open outrage, but the mass of the people are still profoundly discontented. Many persons, therefore, on this side of St. George's Channel are beginning to say, without reference to party, "Can no remedy be found for this thorn in our flesh?" Mr. Aird's letter in Monday's *Times* may be considered as an expression of this sentiment. He asks for what is practically another Round Table Conference, to discuss this momentous problem; only, unlike its abortive predecessor, which represented only the two sections of the then disunited Liberal party, seats would be found at his table for Parnellites, Gladstonians, Liberal-Unionists, and Conservatives. Mr. Aird is not in himself an important man, but it may be surmised that he has important backers. Is there any chance of such a Conference accomplishing its object, should it meet? There is, on the observance of two conditions: first, the paltry jealousies of partisanship must be laid aside; secondly, and still more important, Discontented Ireland must abandon, now and for ever, boycotting, moonlighting, murder, and all other forms of social coercion. Then, and not till then, she may be entrusted to sit and legislate in company with the Loyalist minority which is satisfied with things as they are.

GENERAL BOULANGER'S LEAGUE.—There are signs that the new French Ministry may prove, after all, to be something more than a mere Exhibition Cabinet. It has begun well by dissolving the so-called League of Patriots. For some time this noisy body has made itself notorious by furious denunciations of Germany, and by persistent efforts to keep alive and to stimulate the warlike passions of the French people. Its ultimate aim was rather to discredit the Republic than to bring about a war of revenge; and latterly it has plainly revealed its real object by working incessantly on behalf of General Boulanger. The Government acted well within its rights in bringing to an end the labours of so dangerous an association; and all who are interested in the maintenance of Republican institutions in France must hope that future attempts to create disorder will be treated with equal sternness. General Boulanger professes to have no ambition; which is inconsistent with the maintenance of the Republic; but every one knows that if he became supreme only the forms of liberty would survive his triumph. It is highly probable, too, that in order to evade the difficulties by which he would be confronted at home, he would adopt the foreign policy which has so long been advocated by the mischievous League of Patriots. There can, of course, be no interference with him and his followers if they choose to carry on their agitation by methods which the law does not condemn. But if the Government allowed it to use any means which might seem to them appropriate, it would simply invite defeat for itself. By opposing them resolutely, the Ministry may be able to remain in power until after the General Election, for the Republicans in the Chamber, divided about many other matters, are united in their antagonism to the pretensions of General Boulanger. A good effect may also be produced upon the nation, which likes to feel that it is being ruled vigorously.

THE HON. ARTILLERY COMPANY.—Out of not a little unnecessary evil has come some good to the Hon. Artillery Company. Whatever may have been the cause of the late squabble, it cannot be gainsaid that the ancient civic corps had for a considerable period lost touch with the Army at large. It was neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, nor even good red herring: the Regulars derided it as a military body, the Militia regarded it as a sort of fly in amber, the Volunteers

were keenly jealous of its exclusive privileges. The new Warrant will, it is to be hoped, put an end to this anomalous state of things. While the Company retains many of its most cherished privileges, it will no longer stand beyond the control of the military authorities. In that respect it is now assimilated to the rest of the land forces, and can be embodied in any emergency for active service. This new departure had become absolutely necessary if the regiment was to continue in existence. The innate conservatism of the English people could tolerate much in a corps claiming to be the oldest in the service; but it would not long have sanctioned such a dangerous absurdity as an armed and disciplined body beyond the reach of the Commander-in-Chief. Now that the storm in the tea-cup of Bunhill Fields is happily terminated, the disputants would do well to smoke the calumet of peace. There is no reason whatever why the Prince of Wales should not resume the Captain-Generalship: it is a purely honorary office, involving no sort of work. But the command is a different matter: no one should be appointed to it who cannot give up a large portion of his time to executing its duties. Almost as much will depend upon a wise choice of an adjutant. It will not suffice to secure some "smart" parade officer from the Regulars; to fill the post properly he must be endowed with other gifts than a mastery of drill—tact, judgment, and good temper, among others. There are plenty of such to be had for the asking among the over-filled ranks of the compulsorily retired.

DEBATING THE ADDRESS.—In spite of Mr. Smith's earnest appeal, which was seconded by Mr. Gladstone, a considerable number of the members of the House of Commons, mostly belonging to the Parnellite and ultra-Radical sections, show no sign of abating a jot of the privilege which enables them to discuss Amendments to the Address of every possible variety. It is true that the Speaker has ruled out some of these Amendments as inadmissible, but enough remain to make it doubtful whether the really important and urgent business which waits to be accomplished will be reached before the Easter Vacation. It seems to be useless to appeal to the good sense and patriotism of the honourable gentlemen who raise these discussions. So long as they can air their pet hobbies, and see their speeches repeated, the real business, to perform which they are sent to Parliament, may take care of itself. It is plain, therefore, that some more stringent remedies will have to be discovered for the stoppage of this unseasonable loquacity. We should be sorry to see the abolition of the time-honoured Queen's Speech, and the Address by which it is followed; but it would be worth while even to effect this revolution, if thereby the scanty space of time which is at the service of Parliament could be economised. Or another suggestion might be adopted. Let the House of Commons meet on Saturdays, under the presidency of a Deputy-Speaker, to be elected each week by the assembled members. Let all the usual forms be observed, but with the important proviso that the votes recorded shall have no binding force. During these Saturday sittings the House would become a Debating Society pure and simple; and all sorts of academical discussions might be carried on, an arrangement which would save the precious time now devoted to such topics on the other five days of the week.

THE NEW WIMBLEDON.—On the whole, the National Rifle Association may be congratulated on finally choosing Bisley Common as its new shooting ground. Provided the drainage can be made what it should be, the site is, perhaps as good a one as can be found. The distance from London is scarcely greater, by time measurement, than the journey to Wimbledon Camp; while Bisley has the advantage of involving too long a walk for the objectionable characters who gave the old trysting-place a resemblance to Bartholomew Fair. Some, Cassandras predict glare and mirage; others, siroccos of dust; others, universal bogginess during wet weather. Perhaps some of these inconveniences may make themselves felt at first, but so long as the new camp proves healthy, other drawbacks will not much matter. The Association must make account with considerable loss of gate-money; short as the distance is, it will be too far for driving there and back, a very usual method with visitors to Wimbledon. It is possible, too, that the rejection of Cannock Chase may, for a while, rankle in the minds of the Midland contingent and keep them from competing at the new Wimbledon. On the other hand, the proximity of Bisley to Aldershot gives it a spice of military prestige which was altogether lacking at the cockney suburb. The new ground may be utilised hereafter for camping-out manoeuvres, when not required for the annual shooting. But almost everything will depend, so far as popularity goes, on the service of trains. If they are reasonably fast, frequent, and quite punctual, and if the fares are placed at a low figure, Bisley will "draw." The South Western Company does not bear a very good name in either of these particulars; but perhaps the management may be stimulated by this new source of revenue to put forth exertions like those which have made the great northern railways such models of speed, punctuality, and cheapness.

A SOUTH AFRICA COMMITTEE.—An influential Committee has been formed for the purpose of guarding the interests of the native population of Bechuanaland. A powerful party in South Africa agitates for the annexation of

ON the evening of February 27th, the first of six performances of Shakespeare's play *Julius Caesar* was given in the New Theatre, Oxford, by the Oxford Dramatic Society. The play was mounted and stage-managed with a care and completeness which would do credit to a West End theatre. The scenery was designed by Mr. Alma-Tadema, the music was written by Mr. Leslie Mayne, and the extensive *dramatis persona* (for *Julius Caesar* is essentially a spectacular piece) was enacted by a very capable company, grouped by Mr. Stewart Dawson, of the Haymarket Theatre. The arduous part of Brutus was taken by Mr. Arthur Bouchier, of Christ Church, the founder and acting-manager of the Society. Mr. W. J. Morris, of Jesus, as Mark Antony, showed himself both a powerful actor and a highly-finished elocutionist. Mr. E. H. Clarke, of New College, was very successful in the difficult and somewhat thankless part of Cassius. Decius Brutus was played by Mr. H. B. Irving, son of the Lyceum Manager. He showed in this small part that he possessed some of his father's powers. *Julius Caesar* affords little scope for female talent, but Mrs. W. L. Courtney

Hunting Costume of
100 Years Ago

Charles I.

Vivandière

Mephistopheles

Duchess of Devonshire



Photographing the Dancers



Duke of Milan

Night and Morning

A Lady in her
Grandmother's Dress

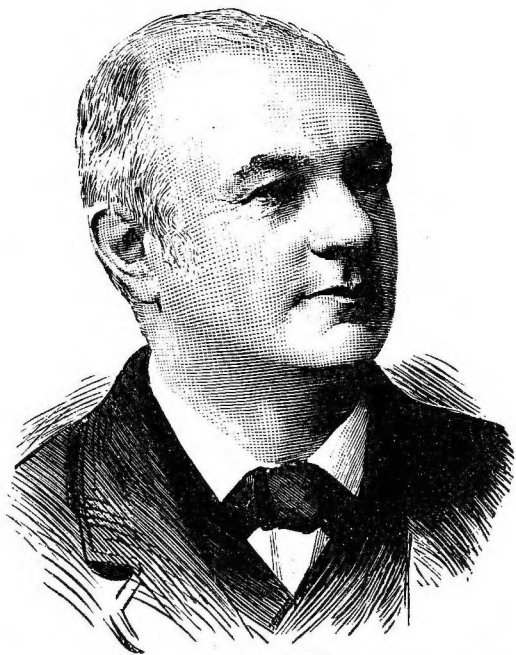
Mascotte

THE PRINCE'S CINDERELLAS FANCY DRESS BALL AT THE PRINCES HALL,
IN AID OF THE CHELSEA HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN



THE EMPLOYMENT OF CHILDREN IN PANTOMIMES
AT A REHEARSAL—THE "FIFTH POSITION"

P. R. J.



DR. MAGUIRE
The Dublin Professor who lent Mr. Houston Money with which
the Forged Letters were bought from Pigott
Died February 26, 1889



FRAULEIN JOHANNA LOISINGER
Of the Darmstadt Court Theatre
Who has just been married to Prince Alexander
of Battenberg



LIEUTENANT STODDART
Royal Suffolk Regiment
Killed at the attack on Maulin, Upper Burma,
February 7, 1889



1. The Ghost of Cæsar appearing to Brutus
2. The Son of his Father (Mr. H. Irving, Junr., being made up)
3. The Murder of Cæsar in the Forum
PERFORMANCE OF SHAKESPEARE'S "JULIUS CÆsar" BY THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY DRAMATIC SOCIETY, AT THE NEW
THEATRE, OXFORD

was most graceful and pathetic as Portia; while Mrs. Charles Sim did her best with the small part of Calphurnia. The scenery was much appreciated; that of the death of Cæsar was modelled from Gérôme's well-known picture.

THE PARNELL COMMISSION

IN our last issue we gave some account of the proceedings of Tuesday, February 26th, when the arrangements of the Court were entirely upset by the non-appearance of Richard Pigott. The business done on that day, therefore, did not much concern the purpose for which the Commission is constituted. It rather centred round the personality of the missing and, therefore, especially interesting witness. What had become of him, and how far could reliance be placed on his evidence, formed the two chief branches of the inquiry. The answer to the former was that he had gone abroad, and was subsequently heard of in Paris (of his tragical end at Madrid we give an account elsewhere). As for his evidence, it was plainly worthless, for he had written out, on February 23rd, at Mr. Labouchere's house, a confession stating that he had forged the whole of the letters submitted on behalf of the *Times*. In connection with this inquiry, Mr. Soames, Mr. Houston, and Mr. Shannon were re-called, while Sergeant Gallagher of the Royal Irish Constabulary proved that he was placed at Anderton's Hotel merely for the purpose of preventing Pigott from being mobbed.

When the Court reassembled next day, Mr. Cunynghame, the Secretary, read out Pigott's confession, which was made in the presence of



Mickey Walsh, a boy of ten, boycotted because his father did not join the Plan of Campaign. Mr. Lockwood:—"Let the boy go. If his perambulator is outside he had better be wheeled home."

Messrs. Labouchere and G. A. Sala. Then the Attorney-General rose and withdrew the question of the genuineness of the letters from the consideration of the Court, on the ground that "after the evidence which has been given, we are not entitled to say that they are genuine." With reference to Sir Charles Russell's statement about "a foul conspiracy," the Attorney-General said:—"If a foul conspiracy has existed, those whom we represent have had no share whatever in it." Sir Charles Russell followed, suggesting that the Court should order a Special Report regarding the authenticity of the letters, and then obtained leave to call Mr. Parnell, who swore that the letters attributed to himself were forgeries.

When the Court met again on March 1st (having omitted the usual Thursday sitting on the previous day), Mr. O'Kelly, Mr. Campbell, and Mr. Davitt gave similar evidence to that of Mr. Parnell as regarded certain documents placed before them; then Messrs. George Lewis, Labouchere, and Sala, told the story of Pigott's confession, Mr. Soames gave evidence concerning certain statements written by Pigott, and, finally, having completed this extraneous inquiry, the regular business of the Court was resumed by the reading of certain extracts from the notorious Irish-American paper called the *Irish World*. Further details are given in our "Legal" column.

A NOTED BULGARIAN BRIGAND

CRISTO SAVVOF, though only twenty-one years of age, is one of the most noted brigands of Bulgaria. In 1885 he served in the army, and went through the Serbian Campaign, but subsequently deserted and joined a band of brigands. In 1888 he was one of the party which on the night of July 7th, captured MM. Ländler and Bidel (two railway officials), and M. Mitkoglou, a merchant, and his servant. His share of their ransom had been 200*l.*, and of this 195*l.* was found on him when captured. On August 23rd he was arrested with three of his companions near Sofia, was tried, and condemned to fifteen years' hard labour. The Government prosecutor, however, has protested against so light a punishment; and it is now thought probable that Savvof and his comrades will be condemned to death, in which case the execution will take place in public, as an example to would-be freebooters.—We are indebted for the above particulars to M. Iskender, Editor of *La Bulgarie*.

CROWLAND ABBEY

CROWLAND, or Croyland, is situated in the county of Lincoln, on the borders of Northamptonshire, on the River Welland. It was once a town of great celebrity, and the seat of one of the richest and most splendid monasteries in England. The ruins of the latter afford a fine specimen of the semi-Norman architecture. Its origin and history are as follows:—Ethelbald, King of Mercia, founded a monastery at Repton, in Derbyshire, and thither the son of one of his nobles, at the age of twenty-four, retired and became a monk, under the name of Guthlac. Desiring afterwards to withdraw himself still further from the world, he entered a boat, and resolved to let it take him wherever it listed. It wafted him to Crowland Isle, and there he built a hut, and died in the odour of sanctity in 817. In honour of St. Guthlac, King Ethelbald founded a monastery on the spot, and endowed it liberally. The abbey was successively burnt, first by the Danes, and afterwards, on several occasions, by accident, so that the various buildings which are now extant do not date from an earlier period than the twelfth century. The nave roof fell in 1688, since which time the north aisle has been used as the parish church of Croyland. The Abbey had already suffered severely during the Civil War, most of the minster was demolished, and employed as a stone quarry. Tombs, monuments, and painted glass were wantonly broken. The north aisle was stripped of its exquisite embellishments. Yet the west front, with its rows of statues, is still one of the finest architectural relics of the kingdom. There is a grand tower. There are admirable mouldings, capitals, and arches. A sum of three thousand pounds, it is reckoned by Mr. Pearson, the architect in whose hands the supervision of the work has been entrusted, will save this magnificent old building from falling into further decay, and donations for this purpose will be thankfully received by the Rector, the Rev. T. H. Le Bœuf, Croyland, near Peterborough.

LORD SALISBURY IN THE CITY

THE London Chamber of Commerce held their annual dinner on the evening of February 27th, at the Cannon Street Hotel; Sir John Lubbock, President of the Chamber, took the chair, and the John Lubbock, President of the Chamber, took the chair, and the distinguished guests, among whom were the Lord Mayor, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Rosebery, Lord Brassey, and many M.P.'s. In answer to the toast of Her Majesty's Government, Lord Salisbury made as he usually does, an interesting and amusing speech. He thought that, in these days, the powers of Governments and Parliaments were over-rated. "For destructive purposes," he said, "they can cut off dead wood; for constructive purposes, all that they can do is to give free play to the living forces of the country; and it is these living forces, and not the decrees of Governments or the statutes of Parliaments, that will mould the history of the world." Sir Algernon West, who is Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, in returning thanks at a later period of the evening, said that it was his painful duty to extract every year fifty-two millions sterling from his fellow-countrymen; and that a letter addressed to "The Chief Extortioner" had been delivered to him by the Post Office without the slightest hesitation.

NOTES OF THE SIKKIM EXPEDITION

OUR portrait of the Dowager Maharanee of Sikkim is a sketch from life by an officer of the Expedition. This lady is the mother of the present Rajah, and is a pure Tibetan, very fair, and about fifty years of age. "She drinks like a fish," writes the artist, "and I think was a little 'on' at the time I sketched her. The headdress was most marvellous, a huge frame covered with cloth, and studded with coral and sapphires. The two white bands were composed of strings of seed pearls, the larger stones beading round the cap were also coral and sapphires, alternately placed. Over her left shoulder was a very handsome cloth of gold band richly worked. In her right hand were her beads." The room illustrated is the state saloon of the Rajah's Palace at Chumbi, and shows the shrine and images of Buddha, and other deities. The whole of the shrine is of bright brass, surmounted with silver and precious stones. The workmanship, painting, and design, is in many ways superior to anything of the kind in India, and is more Chinese or Japanese in style. The two trumpets on the right of the shrine are very handsome, and are mounted with silver bands. They were to be sent to Lord Dufferin as a souvenir. The prisoner shown was captured in a surprise of an advanced picket of the enemy by Lieutenant Ryder, and a detachment of sixteen men, who had been ordered to take a prisoner if possible, as information was required regarding the strength and position of the Tibetans.

CHARTER DAY AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS

THE granting of a Charter of Incorporation for Tunbridge Wells was celebrated on Wednesday week with much ceremony. Hitherto the town has been governed by a Local Board; but henceforth it will have a Mayor and Corporation. The first election to their offices taking place on the 21st inst. A special train took a deputation in the morning to London, and thence brought down the Town Clerk, Mr. W. C. Cripps, with the new Charter, its arrival being signalled by a salute of twenty-one guns. A grand procession was then formed of yeomanry, volunteers, fire brigades, the chief personages of the town, friendly societies, and the Mayors of ten neighbouring towns—Brighton, Hastings, Margate, Folkestone, Lewes, Queenborough, Gravesend, Rochester, Maidstone, and Faversham—to escort the Charter to the Town Hall, the document being conveyed by the Town Clerk in an open carriage. When the Town Hall was reached the Charter was publicly read, this being followed by the singing of "God Save the Queen" by a number of school children. The proceedings closed with a luncheon in the Town Hall, at which Mr. J. Stone-Wigg, the Chairman of the expiring Board, presided, the toast of the day, "The New Borough of Tunbridge Wells," being proposed by Mr. R. Norton, M.P. The streets were gaily decorated, and the only drawback was the unfavourable weather.—The portraits of Messrs. Stone-Wigg, Cripps, and Durrant are from photographs by Percy S. Lankester, Cox and Durrant, and H. P. Robinson, respectively, all of Tunbridge Wells.

"STRANGERS IN THE HOUSE"

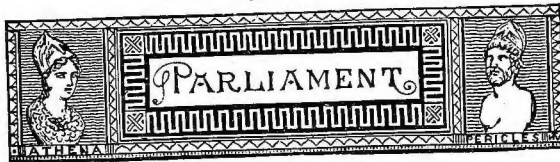
See pages 245 *et seqq.*

"THE TENTS OF SHEM,"

A NEW STORY by Grant Allen, illustrated by E. F. Brentnall R.W.S., and E. Barclay, is continued on page 253.

STAG HUNTING IN THE HIGHLANDS

See pages 256, 257



SINCE the Session opened the House of Lords, as far as it has been sitting at all, has been seated in the House of Commons over the clock. One half of the first row of seats in the Strangers' Gallery is set apart for peers, the other half being reserved for Foreign Ministers, Westminster schoolboys, and other distinguished persons. The peers, having no work to do in their own gilded chamber, have, night after night, flocked into the Commons, sitting in double row, through some of the more exciting scenes standing in a mass in the gangway. Lord Stratheden and Campbell, whose air of profound sagacity is equal to his combination of distinguished names, is a frequent visitor, going to sleep with great regularity in the seat behind the recess over the clock, whence the Prince of Wales is accustomed to look on when he chances to be in town and there are lively scenes going forward. Lord Spencer often looks in when Irish affairs are to the fore; Lord Brabourne looks down on the scene of the former triumphs of Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen; and Lord Rosebery, with the cares of the County Council on his head, sometimes looks in to find recreation.

This week there has not been much to draw an audience, though it is noteworthy that since the Pigott episode the House of Commons has resumed its long-interrupted attraction for the public. Last Session the Strangers' Galleries were by no means crowded, and the current Session opened under depressing circumstances as far as the appearance of this portion of the House is concerned. But all through last week the Strangers' Galleries were seething with people and excitement, crowds waiting in the Central Hall on the off chance of securing an abandoned seat. Once set going the rush for the galleries is maintained, and all through this week they have been full.

The tragic ending of the forger has had the desirable effect of withdrawing his name from the category of Parliamentary phrases in which it was steadily finding a place. Last week Mr. Balfour could not rise from the Treasury Bench to address the House, nor the Attorney-General walk up the floor, without cries of "Pigott!"

Pigott!" reverberating. Since Monday his name has not once been mentioned, either in debate or exclamation. The efforts of the Irish members, recruited by the assistance of Sir William Harcourt, have been directed to fixing upon the Government a charge of collusion with the *Times* attorney in getting up evidence detrimental to Mr. Parnell. There is at the present time more than one prisoner brought over from Ireland to give evidence before the Commission. It is alleged that these prisoners have, in violation of prison rules, been visited at pleasure by emissaries of Mr. Soames, and have been subjected to various influences to induce them to give evidence agreeable to the *Times*. Night after night Mr. Matthews and Mr. Balfour have been attacked on this head without drawing from them very much in the way of admission or information. It is admitted that the prisoners are here, and that the visits alluded to have been paid. Mr. Matthews's contention is that these visits are in the ordinary course of prison usage, and that Mr. Parnell's agents would, in identical circumstances, be permitted to pay similar visits.

The debate on the Address practically closed on Friday night, when Mr. John Morley's amendment was rejected by a substantial majority. But, thereafter, members having axes to grind seized the favourable opportunity of the Address to get the little jobs done. A fortnight ago attention was called in this column to the gross and purposeless waste of time that takes place in connection with moving the Address, and the hope was ventured that the time was not far distant when this nuisance would be abated. What happened this week has justified the remarks, and a chance observation dropped by Mr. Gladstone encourages the hope. On Monday, the House resuming debate on the Address for the eighth night, was confronted by Professor Stuart, who had on the paper an amendment raising the question of Local Option. The Speaker, in ruling these amendments out of order, made a brief statement which authoritatively brings into full light the enormity of the scandal that has grown up around the debate on the Address. These amendments, he said, anticipated the discussion, one of them upon three Bills, and the other upon four Bills, which the House had appointed for a future day. One of the measures, he observed, was actually in the name of Professor Stuart himself!

The meaning of this weighty rebuke, translated out of House of Commons diction, simply is that Professor Stuart and Sir W. Lawson were endeavouring to get two opportunities of bringing to the front questions in which they are personally, and very creditably, concerned. To debate the question either of the Housing of the Working Classes or of Local Option on the Address would have no practical utility. Whatever course the House might be induced to take thereupon would be decided only when either a Bill or a resolution was formally submitted. But Professor Stuart, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and other friends would have the opportunity of taking up the earlier and fresher hours of the Session by delivering speeches. So undisguised was this design, that Professor Stuart and Sir W. Lawson, bowing as they said to the decision of the Speaker, forthwith attempted to proceed with the delivery of their speeches. But Mr. Peel is not a Speaker to be thus circumvented. He swooped down upon both members before they had far advanced, calling Professor Stuart twice to order before he abandoned his cherished speech. But the subject started led to other remarks, and something more than two hours of the sitting were lost.

Mr. Gladstone's remark was made on Tuesday night in backing up an appeal by Mr. Smith that the discursive debate on the Address should not be continued over that sitting. "I am," he said, "of opinion that the great length to which the debate on the Address has extended in the last few years is a serious question, and ought to be considered by the House." Probably when Mr. Gladstone has settled the Home Rule question, he will find time to turn to this more prosaic business, and by instituting the simple rule of taking the Address as read, save every Session from a fortnight to three weeks of precious public time.

On Tuesday a writ was ordered to issue for Kennington in the place of Mr. Gent-Davis, who has applied for the Chiltern Hundreds under the compulsion of circumstances set forth in the stern indictment of Mr. Justice North. The action was seized by Mr. Robertson to protest against the inaction of the Government in the matter. It was, he urged, the duty of the Leader of the House, immediately on the publication of Mr. Justice North's remarks, to take action thereupon, and he bluntly accused Mr. Smith of being indifferent to the honour of the House, and having violated one of its best and worthiest traditions. Mr. Gladstone and Sir Wm. Harcourt took part in the discussion which followed; but there was no amendment to the motion for the issue of the writ, and Mr. Gent-Davis was permitted to depart in a modified condition of peace.

In spite of Mr. Gladstone's weighty protest, the debate on the Address rambled over Tuesday night, and came up again on Wednesday, it being finally choked off by the application of the Closure. On Thursday, Lord George Hamilton submitted the details of his scheme for strengthening the Navy, and on this, the eleventh day of the Session, the House of Commons really commenced its work.

SALE OF "THE GRAPHIC" PICTURES

DURING the last two or three days a collection of more than three hundred works by living artists have been on view at Messrs. Christie and Manson's auction gallery in King Street, previous to their sale on the 8th and 9th of March. They include pictures in oil and water-colour by several of our most eminent painters, and a very large number of black and white drawings—mostly original designs for illustrations that have appeared in *The Graphic*. The series of twenty-one oil-pictures representing as many of "Shakespeare's Heroines" form a very important feature of the collection. A renewed examination after a long interval confirms the very high opinion of their merits that we originally formed. Sir Frederick Leighton's "Desdemona" and Mr. Alma-Tadema's "Portia" are masterpieces, and many of the others are excellent alike as renderings of character and as works of Art. Sir John Millais is represented by his well-known engraved picture "Little Mrs. Gamp"; and Mr. P. R. Morris by a full-length of a demure little girl seated with her dogs about her, "Quite Ready," which seems to us the best of the numerous pictures of the kind that he has recently produced. Mr. Calderon's "Out of Reach," representing a soldier on a balcony, is a very good example of his work; and Mr. G. A. Storey is seen at his best in a small interior "The Minuet," which agreeably recalls the work of some of the seventeenth century Dutch painters. Mr. P. Macquoid's "The Empty Chair," Mr. R. C. Woodville's "Cruel to be Kind," and several pictures of animals by G. Koch and E. Hallatz well deserve notice. By Mr. Charles Green there are many excellent water-colours, including the very animated scene in a circus "A Talented Troup," that appeared some years ago at the Royal Institute; and a very characteristic little picture of Irish life, "Giving Away Meat," drawn and painted with great skill and completeness. Mr. G. D. Leslie's half-length of a girl reading, "A Valentine," is distinguished by graceful simplicity and refinement of style. Mr. W. Small's "Do Not Move," Mr. E. K. Johnson's "Raid on the Desert," Mr. A. Hopkins's "After the Ball," and Mr. J. C. Dollman's "The Squire's Christmas Box" are good examples of their respective and very dissimilar styles. The drawings in black and white are infinitely varied in subject and manner of treatment. In a series of "Sketches at the London

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Police Courts," M. Paul Renouard is seen to be an artist of very great ability. They show great perceptive power and a faculty, which few artists possess, of rapidly seizing transient phases of expression and gesture. Every figure in them is distinctly individual and life-like. There are two or three other scenes of London life by M. Renouard, conveying a vivid sense of actuality, and executed with great freedom and firmness; and a very masterly half-length portrait of "The Abbé Liszt," drawn from life. A series of length portraits of more or less distinguished men, all true in character and unconventional in treatment, by Mr. T. B. Wirgman, will be regarded with interest. By M. D. Laugée there is a finely designed head of "Victor Hugo," and by Mr. T. Walter Wilson a very characteristic three-quarter length of "Sir Moses Montefiore," drawn from life. Mr. J. Charlton's power of depicting dogs and horses in vigorous action is shown in a very large number of drawings; and there are several good sketches of military subjects by Mr. F. Dadd, Mr. W. Small, and Mr. C. E. Fripp.



THE LAST DAYS AND SUICIDE OF RICHARD PIGOTT.—This unhappy man, whose career of fraud has been to others the cause of such a waste of time, trouble and money, and whose flight to Paris we recorded last week, did not remain in that city for any length of time, after he had recklessly given his address there in a letter to London. He arrived at Madrid, from Paris, on the forenoon of Thursday last week, and with only a handbag for luggage, but so respectable in appearance that the people of the Hotel de los Embajadores, whither on his arrival he was taken by a tout-interpreter, assigned him one of the best rooms in the establishment. With the same recklessness which he displayed in Paris, he sent off, soon after his arrival, a telegram in the name of Roland Ponsonby, containing his address at the Madrid hotel, to Ponsonby, 58, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London. This is the business address of Mr. Soames, the solicitor to the *Times*, who, on receiving the telegram from Mr. Shannon, at once communicated with Scotland Yard. A telegram on the subject was despatched forthwith to Sir C. Ford, our Minister at Madrid, who requested the Spanish authorities to order Roland Ponsonby's provisional arrest. Pigott meanwhile spent the rest of Thursday in seeing, under the guidance of the interpreter, the sights of Madrid. On the Friday morning he seemed very uneasy on being told that no reply to his telegram had arrived. It was not until four in the afternoon that the Madrid police-officers found their way to the hotel, and, after some inquiry, were satisfied that Roland Ponsonby was the man whom they "wanted." On being told that a police inspector wished to speak to him, Pigott turned deadly pale, but soon recovered himself, and said that he would see the visitor. On the inspector entering the room, Pigott stepped back and opened his hand-bag, from which he brought out a revolver. Before the inspector could prevent him, he placed the muzzle against his mouth, drew the trigger, and fell to the ground dead and horribly mutilated. Among his slender effects were found a Dublin police license authorising "Richard Pigott, journalist," to carry a revolver, and two letters addressed to Mr. Labouchere, M.P. In one of these he maintained that while his evidence before the Special Commission was false, the statements which he had made in his sworn affidavit were true, and that though the famous letters of the second batch were partly forgeries, those of the first batch were genuine. Two officers sent from London by the Criminal Investigation Department arrived in Madrid on Tuesday, and the corpse was at once identified as that of Pigott. On it was found a scapular, a devotional appendage of woollen cloth, suspended from the shoulders, to the wearing of which many Roman Catholics attribute extraordinary spiritual effects.

BY-ELECTIONS.—For the seat in the Kennington Division of Lambeth, vacant through the resignation of Mr. Gent-Davis, Mr. Philip Beresford-Hope, a nephew of Lord Salisbury, and cousin of Mr. Balfour, is the Conservative, and Mr. Mark Beaufoy the Gladstonian, candidate. At the last General Election Mr. Gent-Davis defeated Mr. Beaufoy by a majority of 430.—For the seat in the Gorton Division of Lancashire, vacant through the death of Mr. Richard Peacock (G), it is said that Mr. Ernest Hatch will be the Conservative candidate, and the Gladstonian, Mr. W. Mather, formerly M.P. for Salford. At the last General Election Mr. Peacock defeated Lord Grey de Wilton (C) by a majority of 457.

AT THE MEETING OF THE PROVISIONAL LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL on Tuesday, Lord Rosebery presiding, it was agreed, by a majority of 75 to 47, to oppose the Bill for the continuance of the much-debated London coal and wine duties, about to be introduced into Parliament by the City Corporation in conjunction with the moribund Metropolitan Board of Works.

BROOKWOOD, which it is proposed to call Bisley Common, twenty-eight and a half miles from London, on the London and South-Western Railway, and described by Lord Wantage as "within the touch of Aldershot," has been selected by the Council of the National Rifle Association as the site of the New Wimbledon.—The Lord Wolseley, recently addressing a gathering of members of the Volunteer Medical Staff, said that if the country were invaded and the Volunteers called out, the whole time of their action would not extend over more than a fortnight, within which period it would be decided whether England was to retain her independence. There, in providing the Volunteers with equipment, it was not necessary to equip them, as for a protracted war, with great portmanteaus on their backs.

IRELAND.—Dr. Tanner, M.P., who has for some time contrived to evade the execution of the warrant issued against him, after having put in an appearance at the House of Commons, was arrested in the Westminster Palace Hotel, and conveyed to Clonmel, where he was committed for trial, bail being refused.—Another parish priest, Father Stephens, has been convicted of inciting to the non-payment of rent and to resistance to the officers of the law. The Letter-kenny, who tried him under the Crimes Act, at Letter-kenny, offered him his liberty if he would enter into his own recognizances to be of good behaviour for two years. The militant cleric indignantly rejecting this offer, he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, without hard labour, and, having appealed, was liberated on giving substantial bail.

THE MANSION HOUSE CHINA FAMINE RELIEF FUND amounted at the beginning of the week to 18,250*l.*, including donations expected from Liverpool and Manchester. Of this sum 13,000*l.* has been remitted to the Relief Committee at Shanghai.—Four mass meetings, presided over by the Lord Mayor, are to be held in London to promote the projected penny-a-week collection for the Hospital Saturday Fund, which is estimated to produce between 80,000 and 90,000*l.* a year, a sum which will bestow complete efficiency on the London hospitals.

AT A DEMONSTRATION of Democrats and Socialists on Sunday afternoon on the Thames Embankment, oratory at Cleopatra's Needle and the march of an organised procession to Trafalgar Square were prevented by a large body of police, acting under Colonel Monsell and Colonel Roberts.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, suddenly, at Rome, of Catherine Mary, widow of Major-General Sir Vincent Eyre; in his fifty-seventh year, of the third Earl of Portarlington; in his sixty-eighth year, of Mr. Richard Peacock, since 1885 Gladstonian M.P. for the Gorton division of Lancashire, head of the engineering firm of Beyer, Peacock and Co., who as locomotive superintendent on the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway, planned its great works at Gorton; in his seventy-ninth year, of Mr. Edward King Fordham, High Sheriff of Bedfordshire in 1884-5, one of the many staunch Liberals who dissented from Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy, and also known as a zealous agriculturist, farming a thousand acres of his own estate; in his fifty-second year, of the Rev. John George Wood, the author of numerous and very popular works on natural history; in his sixty-eighth year, of Mr. Philip Henry De La Motte, a well-known art educator and illustrator of books, since 1879 Professor of Fine Art in King's College; in his fiftieth year, of Mr. Sydney Smith, one of the most popular of English composers of drawing-room music; and, drowned by jumping overboard, in a fit of temporary insanity, from a P. and O. steamer in the Red Sea, of Mr. Charles Du Val, the popular monologue entertainer, author of "With a Show Through South Africa."



ALL the old ingredients of a sporting drama are to be met with in Mr. Wilson Barrett's *Now-a-Days*—the respectable patron of the turf and the desperate bookmaker, the honest jockey and the fraudulent "welsker," the wife who is made the innocent partner in her husband's turf-frauds, and the guileless heroine whose course of true love never will run smooth till villainy is defeated, and the horse which the betting rogues have been endeavouring to smuggle away (he is purloined this time instead of being impounded on a distress warrant, but the difference is not much) is brought to light again just in time to be mounted by the honest jockey, and ridden triumphantly to the goal. Yet with so much that is conventional—so much, we may even add, that is irreconcilable with common sense and the habits and practices of the racing world—*Now-a-Days* is still one of the freshest and most pleasing of dramas, and is really worth any number of such palpably false and artificial pieces as that which occupies the PRINCESS'S evening bill. Its chief charm lies in the vivacity and sincerity of its dialogue and in the truthfulness of its sketches of character. It is rare indeed to meet with a character so free from mere stage traditions, so complex, yet, withal, so harmonious and sympathetic as that of the rough, hard-headed, middle-aged Yorkshireman, John Saxton, with his indomitable self-will, his unflinching love of a jest, his keen sense of humour, and his honest goodnature, whom Mr. Wilson Barrett depicts with an infinite number of touches, some bold and strong, others subtle and delicate, but all effective—all contributing something to the masterly finish of the portrait. Among the other parts, represented respectively by Miss Grace Hawthorne, Miss Norreys, Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. George Barrett, Mr. Horace Hodges, and other members of the company, there is a fair distribution of the humour and the pathos of the play, which seems to need nothing but a slight reconstruction of the climax of the third act and a more effective presentation of the exciting incidents of the Derby race in the final scene to render it one of the most popular of modern romantic dramas.

"Where do they all come from? and how do they find time to sit at ease at the play in the middle of the day?" Such were the questions which were heard at the Gaiety on Monday afternoon, when the vast audience, occupying every foot of space from the ground to the highest row of the gallery, first met the eye of some of the occupants of the stalls. The occasion was the benefit of Mr. Meyer Lutz, the popular composer and conductor, in commemoration of the completion of the twentieth year of his connection with that house. Mr. Lutz's term of service dates almost from the first opening of the theatre under Mr. Hollingshead's management. The entertainments on Monday were of the usual miscellaneous character, and were supported by quite a host of talent: but the special feature of the occasion was the presentation and rhymed address, written and spoken by Mr. Robert Martin, to which Mr. Lutz replied in a few appropriate words. Mr. Lutz is a native of Bavaria, in which State his brother, Dr. Von Lutz, has been President of the Council of Ministers for some years.

The writer of the lively, anecdotal paper on James Smith, one of the authors of "Rejected Addresses," in the current number of *Temple Bar*, defends Mrs. Siddons against those too zealous admirers of Miss Terry's Lady Macbeth, who have described that famous tragic actress as "a big woman with a strident voice." We are reminded that when Mrs. Siddons first appeared in this part she was just thirty, and was a person of "most graceful figure." As to the rest of the charge, it is noted that Madame Le Brun, the celebrated French artist, who was familiar with all the distinguished French actresses of her time, said that the tone of Mrs. Siddons's voice was "enchanted," and that she remembered nothing resembling it except the famous organ of Mlle. Mars.

The comedies of the modern Spanish dramatist Echegaray have become familiar through adaptations on the German stage. We are now to have for the first time a taste of their quality in the form of an adaptation by Mr. Malcolm Watson, in three acts, which of Miss Wallis's acting-manager, Mr. W. H. Griffiths, proposes to bring out at the SHAFTESBURY Theatre about the end of this month.

Mr. Irving has just presented the Garrick Club with Clint's well-known portrait of Edmund Kean in the character of Sir Giles Overreach. It was first exhibited in 1820. Theatrical business in Paris does not seem to be quite in a flourishing condition. The statistics, however, which may be relied on, because they are officially ascertained for the purpose of taxing the receipts, show improvement, and the approaching great Exhibition and *fêtes* will be certain to have a powerful influence in the same direction. During the six years ending 1886 the total takings of the various houses were always over, and sometimes considerably over, a million sterling. In 1887 they suddenly dropped to 882,000*l.*, but last year they reached 920,000*l.*

Mr. Mansfield's appearance at the GLOBE Theatre in *Richard III.* is now definitely fixed for Saturday next. On the same evening Mr. and Mrs. Kendal propose to make their appearance at the COURT Theatre in Mr. Pinero's new comedy-drama *The Weaker Sex*, which has already been tried in the country.

Mr. Lionel Brough, being released from other engagements, has resumed the part of the Host of the Garter in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* at the HAYMARKET, as played by him at the original *matinée* performances. For a like reason, Miss Lingard will, on Monday next, re-appear as Mrs. Ford.

The THEATRE ROYAL, Ryde, has fallen into the hands of Mr. Edgar Bruce—whose hands, by-the-way, were already pretty full; for, besides his English avocations, he is superintending the building of a magnificent new theatre in Vienna. Mr. Ellis Miller will be the actual manager of the Ryde house.

The latest proposal with regard to HER MAJESTY'S Theatre is to turn it into a large hotel on the American pattern.

Mr. Tristram's play *he Panel Picture* is now in active rehearsal at the OPERA COMIQUE. Mrs. Beringer's adaptation *Tares* will accordingly be withdrawn. Miss Gertrude Kingston writes to contradict the statement that she is contemplating a "tour" with the latter piece.

Mat Ruddock is the name of the new comedy-drama which Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has written for Mr. Beerbohm Tree. It will be produced at the HAYMARKET at Easter. Meanwhile *The Merry Wives of Windsor* holds the evening bill.

On Tuesday next Mr. Irving will preside at the annual supper of the Lyceum Provident and Benevolent Fund at Freemasons' Hall.



MR. EDISON'S EYES were badly injured during some chemical experiments, but he is getting better.

A BISMARK MUSEUM will shortly be established in Berlin. The public will be asked to contribute historical relics of the Man of Iron and his ancestors, as well as funds.

THE NOTORIOUS PARISIAN CHAMPION OF WOMEN'S RIGHTS, Madame Astié de Valsayre, is again amusing the public by her efforts to wear masculine attire. She has formally notified the Prefect of Police that in this snowy weather the feminine petticoats get wet, and give their wearers violent colds. Such garments, she says, are only fit for women who have nothing to do, so, on future occasions, when business takes her out in bad weather, she intends to dress as a man.

AMERICAN FASHIONABLE CIRCLES are curious to see what fresh tone Washington society will take from the new Presidential tenants of the White House. Mrs. Harrison, the President's wife is a very domesticated woman, reserved, and strongly opposed to being interviewed on her tastes and occupations. But it has leaked out that she is devoted to literature, being a leading member of a literary club in her former home, Indianapolis. Further, she likes the old-fashioned crochet-work, and the ladies of the White House will set the fashion of trimming linen with home-made embroidery and crochet, instead of costly lace, thus helping poor needlewomen.

THE BATTLE OF FLOWERS at Nice last week brought out some picturesque floral arrangements. Many carriages were made into arbours, one composed entirely of violets, and another of red and white camellias being very effective. A huge green kiosk covered with roses, violets, and mimosas was much admired, but the most novel decoration was a monster butterfly of violets and mimosas which canopied a Victoria. The various masquerades on the following day were also good. There were the "Learned Frogs" going through various feats; the "Marmiton" who smoked a monster pipe filled with bubbles instead of tobacco; "Mother Goose" and her children; "Mercury's Messengers"—the characters charmingly dressed in white and silver; "Mousquetaires gris," who were not only "gris" in colour, but "gris" from alcohol; the "Surprise Artichokes," and a comic "Duel between French Beer and German Beer."

THE PARIS CARNIVAL, though shorn of its pristine glories, still produces a great deal of amusement, and, better still, employs a large class of workpeople in making "Carnival accessories." There are the cardboard false noses, costing from 1*d.* to 2*s.*, and which often bring in 1*l.* 5*s.* in a day to their vendors. Moustaches with fiercely curled tips are worth 1*d.* apiece, and are all made by one old woman who keeps the patent. Hitherto the coloured spectacles were a German speciality, and were imported from Furth, in Bavaria, but this year the French have produced the "Tonkin eyes," which are equally good. Then there are the trumpets, some made out of clay at Apt, near Vaucluse, to be bought for 3*d.* each, and the cardboard, or "devil's horns," costing from 1*d.* to 5*d.*, and mostly manufactured at Belleville. "Mirliton" are in all sizes and at all prices, from 1*½d.* to 1*l.*, while musical (?) sounds are produced by all sorts of artificial vegetables, the drum-major's cane and the "Boulanger shell"—the hit of the season.

THE QUEEN'S PRESENT RESIDENCE AT BIARRITZ, the Villa La Rochefoucauld, has been fitted up most carefully under the personal direction of the owner, Count Gaston de La Rochefoucauld. Her Majesty's private apartments are on the first-floor. Her bedroom looks to the north-east, over a mass of pine-woods, with the Biarritz lighthouse twinkling in the distance. It is fitted up with pale blue and grey, and a carpet with cream ground—a special Royal fancy. The plain mahogany bed and a small favourite armchair came from Windsor. The decoration of the adjoining dressing-room exactly matches that of the bedroom. Then comes the Queen's boudoir, facing the west, with a large balcony commanding the sea in the distance, the Villa Eugénie to the left, and on the right the Villa Bon-Air, where the Princess Frederica of Hanover is now staying. This room is furnished in Louis XVI. style, with cream, pink, and pale-blue silk damask, the ornaments being valuable bronzes and Japanese vases. The Royal dining-room adjoins, and is all brown, with Persian carpet and carved oak furniture. It looks over the sea, and the chief picture is a portrait of the ex-Empress Eugénie, given to the Countess Gaston by the Empress herself. Princess Beatrice and her husband also have rooms on this floor, decorated in pink and white, with a charming little boudoir. The handsomest rooms are on the ground-floor, including the great drawing-room, the dining-room, and the square drawing-room. This last leads out of the hall and contains some beautiful Flemish carving and numerous art treasures in cabinets, with two splendid Venetian candelabra representing fauns supporting cupids. A portrait of the famous Rochefoucauld ancestor, the author of the "Maxims," hangs over the mantelpiece, and amongst the furniture the Queen will find an old acquaintance, the Dutch marqueterie table on which she used to work when staying at Count Gaston's Baden villa in 1871. The chief dining-room is in the Renaissance style, with large panels representing the Rape of the Sabines. The great drawing-room is decorated in white and gold, the furniture being covered in green damask, with pale red and gold flowers. It is being covered with artistic treasures—a Florentine cabinet, mirrors in exquisite carved frames, Gothic screens, and so forth. A smoking-room and winter garden open out on one side, while on the other is a small boudoir with glass-covered verandah looking over the sea. The British and French flags hang together above the chief entrance of the villa, facing west; Spanish red and white chalets are dotted over the park, and accommodate several of the Royal suite, who cannot find room in the Villa Evers; while the Queen's special telegraphic office occupies the largest of these buildings.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and 1,472 deaths were registered, against 1,567 during the previous seven days, being a fall of 95, and 375 below the average, being at the rate of 17*6* per 1,000. These deaths included 67 from measles, a fall of 4; 25 from diphtheria, a fall of 2; 31 from whooping cough, and 362 from diseases of the respiratory organs, being 141 below the average. Nine cases of suicide were reported, and fourteen infants under one year of age were suffocated. There were 2,608 births registered, against 2,695 during the previous week, a fall of 87, and 306 below the average.



Mr. H. Campbell (Mr. Parnell's Private Secretary) denies in the witness-box that he had any share in writing the incriminatory letters.



Mr. Parnell denies in the witness-box that he wrote, or authorised to be written, any of the incriminatory letters



Mr. Justin McCarthy waiting to be called as a witness



The Attorney-General reading the "Times" apology for the publication of the letters

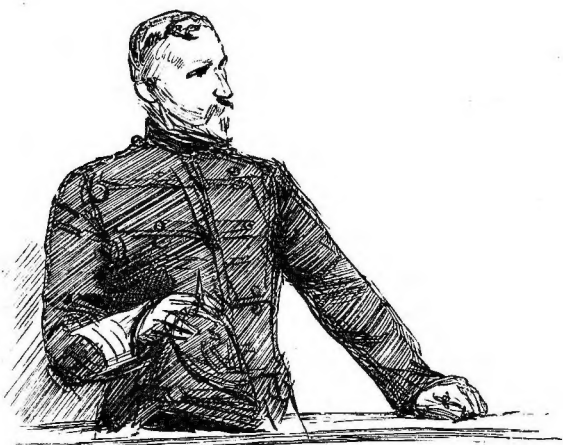
THE PARNELL COMMISSION AT THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE

NOTES AND SKETCHES IN COURT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL



FIGOTT CONFESSING TO MESSRS G. A. SALA AND H. LABOUCHERE, AT THE LATTER'S HOUSE, THAT HE WAS THE FORGER OF THE LETTERS

FROM A SKETCH MADE IN THE ROOM BY MR. SYDNEY P. HALL, AND FROM A DESCRIPTION BY MR. G. A. SALA



Head-Constable Gallagher, R.I.C.,
who was told off to protect Pigott
at his hotel



Mr. H. Cunynghame
(Secretary to the
Commission), assisted by the
shorthand writer, reads the confession made by
Pigott to Messrs. Labouchere and Sala



Sir Charles Russell: "We allege that behind Pigott, and behind that young man Houston, there is a foul and abominable conspiracy."

Mr. Charles Williams
(Daily Chronicle)

Mr. Harold Frederic
(Manchester Guardian)

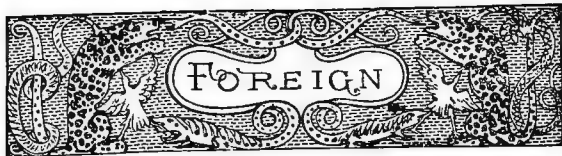
Mr. Doyle
(Morning Advertiser)

Mr. W. Wilde
(Daily Telegraph)

Mr. Barnes
(Standard)



EXHAUSTED PRESSMEN ARE REFRESHED WITH—INK
THE PARNELL COMMISSION AT THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE
NOTES AND SKETCHES IN COURT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL



THE new President of the UNITED STATES took office on Monday. The Republicans determined to celebrate their return to power by the largest demonstration ever seen in Washington, and though heavy rain somewhat spoiled the display, the city was thronged with enthusiastic spectators. Presidents Harrison and Cleveland were attended by an enormous procession of troops and political clubs as they rode together in an open carriage, surrounded by a bodyguard of survivors from General Harrison's old regiment. After Vice-President Morton had been sworn in, and the new Senate organised, President Harrison took the oath of office publicly outside the Capitol, and read his inaugural address. He was then installed in the White House, ex-President Cleveland retired into private life, and a grand ball closed the proceedings. The Presidential Message is a plain, dignified production, outlining the future Government policy, and strictly peaceful in tone. Having pictured the present prosperity of the country as it enters its second century of Independence, the President defends his Protectionist views, and prophesies that the South will eventually accept these doctrines when it becomes less exclusively agricultural, further reminding the Southerners that the negroes ought to be put upon a more equal footing with the white man. He condemns Socialism and indiscriminate naturalisation, and vaguely promises some degree of reform in the present corrupt system of Civil Service appointments—though he is not very hopeful on the subject. He would solve the important difficulty of the Treasury surplus by spending the money on the Navy, the steamship lines, and the Pension Fund. Indeed, the President is most anxious to make the United States a first-class naval power, and in his plain allusions to Samoa and the Panama Canal points out that the Americans will not brook too much foreign interference in their affairs, and will firmly maintain their own colonial rights, while hoping "that intelligent diplomacy or friendly arbitration will be adequate to the peaceful adjustment of all international difficulties." The new Cabinet is as moderate as the Message, containing no very prominent name save that of Mr. Blaine, who is, of course, Secretary of State. It was not completed until the last moment, owing to the dissensions of the New York factions, and the President was so besieged by office-seekers that he was forced to forbid his doors to all visitors on Sunday. The other Members of the Cabinet are Mr. W. Windom, Secretary of the Treasury; Mr. Redfield Proctor, War; Mr. Benjamin Tracy, Navy; Mr. J. W. Noble, Secretary of the Interior; Mr. Jeremiah Rusk, Agriculture; Mr. J. Wanamaker, Postmaster-General; and Mr. W. H. Miller, Attorney-General. Much curiosity is expressed respecting the appointment of Ministers abroad, and it is thought likely that Mr. White-law Reid, editor of the *New York Tribune*, will be sent to London. While President Harrison thus commences his public duties, ex-President Cleveland has gone to New York, where he will open a law-office. His last public act—vetoing a taxation Bill—was snubbed by the Senate, which passed the Bill over his veto, while in Congress a mass of business was left unfinished at the close of the Session, though the House sat day and night endeavouring to clear off the arrears. The Irish-Americans are in high glee at the Pigott fiasco, and messages of congratulation are being voted to Mr. Parnell on all sides.

In FRANCE, the Exhibition Ministry finds that it cannot pursue the pacific career originally planned. When hardly a week old, the Cabinet has been forced into a regular campaign against Boulangerism, thanks to the indiscretion of the Patriotic League, which ostentatiously issued a violent protest against the Government action in the Atchinnoff affair, and even organised a subscription for the Russians injured by the bombardment at Sagallo. The League has long been degenerating from its original object into a hotbed of Boulangerist propaganda, and the Government accordingly seized the opportunity to prohibit the League and confiscate its papers, with a view to prosecuting the heads of the association. M. Paul Déroulède, the organiser of the League, M. Richard, the Secretary, and M. Laguerre, his colleague, are delighted to become patriotic martyrs, and the last-named Deputy accordingly interpellated the Government in the Chamber on their harsh proceedings. However, he only gavette the Cabinet an easy victory, the Republicans supporting them with wonderful unanimity. Ostensibly the Government added on the plea that the League interfered with foreign affairs, and might injure the good relations with Russia, thus carrying out their original warning that they would tolerate no attacks on the Republic. As persecution always advances a cause, the League will probably profit in some measure from its suppression, the members being determined to maintain their organisation in some form or other. However, the general opinion pronounces in favour of the Government, which has acted much more firmly than expected. The dread of Boulangerism effectually unites the Republicans to the present Cabinet, and indeed M. Clémenceau even proposes a measure disqualifying all members of the present Chamber from re-election to the next Parliament—a self-sacrificing arrangement which would prevent General Boulanger from sitting in the new House. This support enables the Ministry to go still further, so that now General Boulanger will no longer be allowed to receive the monster deputations of all classes who have overrun his house of late. Only a certain number may be admitted at a time, therefore the General has a fresh text for speechifying against the powers that be, and promising universal toleration when he is at the head of affairs. He calls the dissolution of the League "the iniquitous measure of a tottering Government," and is very busy accepting swords of honour and attending banquets of his sympathisers. He has certainly had the laugh on his side at the Government's puerile action in refusing to admit his bust to the Exhibition, and even boycotting all the works of the sculptor who had executed it. The excitement over the Patriotic League crisis has effectually swamped all other subjects, and though an effort was made in the Chamber to stir up the old story of mismanagement in Tonkin, the debate was uninteresting and turned to Government profit. Paris has been keeping the Carnival with unusual zest, and the Exhibition authorities are relieved that the Seine has subsided, so that the works can be carried on as usual. No great harm has been done, and it is officially announced that the buildings will be ready at the proper time, while the Eiffel tower will be virtually completed by March 30th.

RUSSIA continues very friendly with France over the Atchinnoff affair, and seems quite content with the official explanation that the notorious Cossack was warned of the coming bombardment a full week in advance. Altogether five persons were killed, and twenty wounded. Atchinnoff and his followers have been brought to Suez and handed over to Russian authorities. Altogether, Russia is in a very pacific mood, authoritatively denying that there is any likelihood of collision with Afghanistan. It seems pretty evident, however, that the troops on the frontier would speedily have come into collision with the Ameer's forces, had not peremptory orders to the contrary come from St. Petersburg. Much interest is felt in the new Tibetan expedition under Colonel Pevtsoff, which starts on the 20th, at the Czar's expense. It is intended to survey the whole of North-Western Tibet.

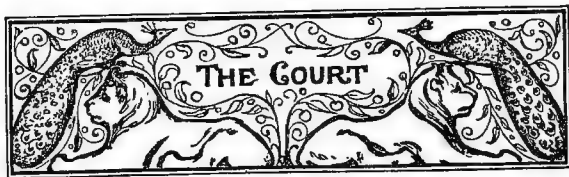
Colonial affairs mainly occupy GERMANY. Reports that an

American war ship off Apia, on the Samoan coast, had fired on a German vessel, greatly alarmed Berlin, but there appears little foundation for the rumour, especially as Mataafa has now agreed to temporarily suspend hostilities. It seems most probable that the Samoan troubles will be speedily settled at the coming Conference in Berlin. The East African Question is less satisfactory. The German operations on the coast have excited the Ujiji Arabs, and by stopping the landing of provisions not only starve out the disaffected native tribes, but the British Indian subjects. The whole district is most disturbed, and the insurgents have attacked the Germans at Bagamoyo, although with little effect. Accordingly, Dr. Peters' Emin Relief Expedition will not be allowed to pass through the territories of the German African Company, lest the natives should take the Germans prisoners, and so obtain both hostages and arms to hamper Captain Wissmann in his journey. Captain Wissmann takes out from eighty to one hundred Europeans, with twenty-six guns and a few mountain pieces, including the machine-gun given by the Prince of Wales to the Emperor. The blockade of Zanzibar and Pemba began on Monday, and so many ships are now required for foreign service that a large additional sum is set down for naval expenses in the Bill now before the German Federal Council. A special loan will be raised for the extra expenditure on both the Army and Navy. The Council is also considering the Bill on the Sugar Bounties framed in accordance with the resolutions of the London Conference. Various Imperial visits are in prospect. The Czar comes to Berlin this spring, to be followed by King Humbert, while the Emperor's journey to England is again under discussion. Birthday celebrations have also made the Germans busy. Dr. Döllinger kept his ninetieth birthday, Herr Joachim his jubilee of professional life, and the surgeon, Professor Bardleben, his seventieth birthday—all with much festivity.

In EASTERN EUROPE King Milan of SERBIA has abdicated in favour of his son. The King is in an excitable mental condition, and intends to take a foreign tour, leaving a Regency virtually under the control of M. Ristic, though another statesman may act as formal figurehead of a distinctly Liberal Cabinet.

BULGARIA feels bitterly aggrieved by Prince Alexander of Battenberg's marriage, and by the sharp criticisms made by the Czar in his recent interview with M. Zankoff, just published. The Czar specially dwelt on the peril to the Orthodox Church and the persecution carried out by Prince Ferdinand, and hoped that the Bulgarian people would rid themselves of their unlawful ruler. In EGYPT the Mahdi has invited the friends of the European captives to visit them, and a courageous missionary will probably venture into his power.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.—HOLLAND is placed in a most awkward position by the incapacity of her King, who has not been able to sign his name since the 16th ult. Slight symptoms of blood-poisoning have appeared, and it is evident that his Majesty is gradually sinking. Immediately on his decease the officials of the Duke of Nassau will go to Luxemburg to take over the Government.—In ITALY the Government proposals for additional taxation have been so bitterly opposed that Signor Crispi resigned. The King, however, has desired him to form a new Cabinet.—Popular clamour in Hungary does not produce much effect on the Cabinet, for M. Tisza clings to his Army Bill, despite the noisiest scenes in the Diet and the streets of Budapest. The Minister of Public Instruction told the Diet that the readiness of the army to take the field was more necessary for the safety of the State than Hungarian national culture. Hungary could not remain behind other nations in her war preparations when there existed in her vicinity a political mine filled with explosives.—In INDIA the death-rate among natives in Bengal is steadily increasing, owing to their wilful neglect of sanitary precautions. The Looshai Expedition will move forward shortly, having destroyed an important blockhouse fortified by the enemy, and barring the road.—A terrible railway accident has occurred in CANADA, near St. George. The driving-wheel of the engine gave way when an express was crossing an iron bridge, and precipitated three carriages through the bridge into a ravine sixty feet below. Eleven persons were killed and thirty seriously injured. Much discussion is afoot concerning the proposed commercial union with the United States. Public opinion generally condemns the suggestion as a sacrifice of Canadian Independence. Parliament has regarded the Opposition resolution to retain the *modus vivendi* of the late treaty during the coming fishing season.



THE QUEEN has left England for the Continent. Before quitting Windsor Her Majesty held a Council on Saturday. Her Majesty also received two Messengers from Matabele Land, who brought a letter from King Lo Bengula. The Duchess of Albany came over from Claremont to take leave of the Queen, and in the evening Mr. W. H. Smith, Captain the Hon. North and Mrs. Dalrymple, and Major-General Dennehy dined with Her Majesty. Next morning the Queen and Prince and Princess Henry attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where the Rev. H. White preached. Subsequently the Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg arrived and dined with the Royal party, together with Lord Salisbury. The Queen's guests left on Monday, when Princess Christian came to wish Her Majesty good-bye. On Tuesday afternoon the Queen started for Biarritz with Prince and Princess Henry, going down to Portsmouth to embark in the *Victoria and Albert*. The Royal yacht spent the night in harbour, and started early on Wednesday morning for Cherbourg, whence the Royal party travelled direct to Biarritz by special train, reaching the Villa La Rochefoucauld next day. The Queen's journey was made in the strictest privacy, Her Majesty travelling as the Countess of Balmoral. Her Majesty will return to Windsor about the 5th or 6th of April, and will hold a drawing-room at Buckingham Palace in the early part or middle of the month.

The Prince of Wales went last week to the Battle of Flowers at Nice, where he took an active part in the proceedings, riding in a four-horsed break with the Duke of Mecklenburg. He returned to Cannes for Sunday, where he attended Divine Service at St. George's, and in the afternoon again went to Nice. On Tuesday took part in the Battle of Confetti, and was presented with a banner of honour. He started for home on Wednesday, staying a few days in Paris on his way, and next Wednesday will preside at the twenty-first anniversary banquet of the Royal Colonial Institute. On Wednesday he was re-elected Grand Master of English Freemasons.—The Princess remains at Sandringham with her daughters, and on Sunday attended a Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's, where the Rev. F. Hervey preached.—Prince Albert Victor came to town on Saturday to preside at the anniversary festival of the Friends of Foreigners in Distress. He returned at once to Yorkshire to attend a ball at Hull, given by the Sheriff on Monday, and next day visited Mr. Wilson at Tranby Court, to hunt with the Holderness Hounds.



THE RIGHT REV. F. J. JAYNE, the new Bishop of Chester, was enthroned on Monday, in Chester Cathedral, in the presence of a vast assemblage.

THE INVALID BISHOP OF DURHAM, in a letter to his Diocesan Conference, writes:—"I am in hopes that the appointment of an assistant will enable me not only to continue the Diocesan work of the past, but also to strike out new lines. Under any circumstances it must be some little time before I return to you, and I am advised that a long and perfect rest is necessary if ever I am to recover my strength."

THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER, in the course of a recent and very interesting lecture at Toynbee Hall, on Westminster Abbey, its history, and the associations connected with it, related the legend of St. Peter as descended from heaven to consecrate the building. It was alleged, he said, that on that account the Bishops of London had no control over the Abbey, and that to-day the Dean of Westminster had a Diocese of his own, a position, we need scarcely add, enjoyed by no other Anglican dignitary of lower than Episcopal rank.

THE REV. EDWARD VENABLES, of St. John's, Drury Lane, only surviving son of Canon Venables, late of Great Yarmouth, has accepted the living of Christ Church, Marylebone, vacant through the appointment of the Rev. J. Llewellyn Davies, to Kirkby Lonsdale. He is, the *Record* understands, "a rather more pronounced High Churchman than his predecessor."

THE DEATH, in his sixty-seventh year, is announced of Dr. William Henry Monk, one of the editors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," and the composer of Church music, much of which has become very popular. For thirty-seven years he was organist at St. Matthias's, Stoke Newington, where he established a daily choral service, and since 1847 he has been Director of the choir at King's College. For the Church of Scotland he edited the "Psalter, Anthem Book, and Hymnal."—The death, in his seventy-eighth year is also announced of the Rev. Gustave G. Daugars, for forty-seven years pastor of the French Protestant Church of London in St. Martin's-le-Grand, which was consecrated by him, and displaced a few months ago to allow the extension of the General Post Office. He designed the medal struck on the occasion of the bi-centenary of the Edict of Nantes.

A WESLEYAN METHODIST SISTERHOOD, which shall afford to ladies of refinement and leisure belonging to that communion a suitable sphere of Church work, is being projected. The proposal, the *Nonconformist* says, is to establish in London a sort of training centre from which, after due probation, ladies may go forth to all parts of the country to establish houses similar to those in connection with the West Central Mission, and organise social and religious work in Churches which desire such auxiliaries.

MR. SPURGEON has returned from Mentone, apparently much improved in health, and has resumed his ministrations at the Metropolitan Tabernacle.



DR. JOACHIM'S JUBILEE.—The famous violinist, Dr. Joachim, will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his first appearance in public as a violinist next Thursday, when he will be entertained at dinner at the University by the members of the Cambridge Musical Society. Dr. Joachim was a boy of not quite eight when he first performed, at Pesth, a duet with his Hungarian music-master. He was a precocious genius, and speedily rose to fame. Three years afterwards he came regularly before the public as a violinist, under the auspices of Mendelssohn; and, when only a boy of twelve, he on March 28, 1844, made his London debut at Bunn's concert at Drury Lane. In the same year he played, at a Philharmonic concert, no less arduous a work than Beethoven's Violin Concerto, which had then only thrice before been heard at the Philharmonic. The boy astounded his audience, not only by his virtuosity, but also by the fact that he introduced a couple of cadenzas from his own pen—a feat which was then thought astonishing. Dr. Joachim's London admirers have already held a meeting to celebrate his jubilee in some form, and a subscription has been suggested, possibly to found a scholarship in his honour.—Dr. Joachim made his *réentrée* at the Popular Concert on Monday, but played nothing calling for lengthy detail. Beethoven's "Rasoumowski" Quartett in E minor was led by the great violinist, who likewise played, in his own inimitable fashion, an adagio by Spohr, and for an *encore* a scherzo by the same master.

"HAMLET'S DEAD MARCH."—The funeral march written for the final scene in *Hamlet* by Berlioz shortly after the death of his father, in 1843, was produced at the Crystal Palace on Saturday. It is supposed to follow after the lines in which Prince Fortinbras bids the four captains bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to his last resting-place. The march is a highly effective composition, though, in accordance with Berlioz's custom, slightly eccentric, the chorus being employed only to utter six times the sustained vowel-sound "ah," which dwindles off from a *forte* to a *piano*. We understand there is also an *ad libitum* part for a small park of artillery, which the Crystal Palace conductor flatly refused to employ, while the substitute prepared obstinately refused to go off.

MADAME PATTI'S DEPARTURE.—Madame Patti gave an extra farewell concert at the Albert Hall last week. Her admirers mustered in strong force, and the great artist, as is her custom, favoured them by singing no fewer than seven times, instead of only the three songs for which she was announced. The cheering grew enthusiastic when, after the "Last Rose of Summer," she commenced "Home, Sweet Home" by way of a double encore. The next day the artist started for Paris, and on Monday sailed from Bordeaux for South America. The *prima donna*, save as to a couple of months' holiday at Craig-y-Nos next autumn, will be continuously engaged from Easter of this year till Easter, 1890. It may be interesting to state—although in the recital of the figures a pang of honest envy may well be pardoned—that during the year in question Madame Patti is bound to earn a certain income of not less than 67,600*l.*, altogether apart from a share to which she is entitled in contingent profits. The money is made up as follows. For thirty nights in South America the *prima donna* will receive a minimum of 1,200*l.* per night, or otherwise the totally unprecedented sum of 36,000*l.* cash for thirty representations, plus half the gross receipts of the balance at any concert over 2,400*l.* During her last stay in South America that amount was exceeded no fewer than eight times. On her return to England she will sing for Mr. Kube the three times in London, at 700*l.* per night, and seven times in the provinces at 500*l.*, the total for the month thus being 5,600*l.* On

Glenkirk, Mr. W. Paterson & Co.
Colonel North with Kate Cuthbert.

FOOTBALL.—On Thursday last week Chatham and Notts Forest met for the third time to decide which should enter the third round of the Association Cup. After a good struggle the Southerners won by three goals to two. Their triumph was short-lived, however, for on the following Saturday West Bromwich Albion beat them by two goals to one, despite the fact that the match was played on Chatham Lines. In the next round the winners have been drawn against Preston North End, and the Blackburn Rovers (who defeated Aston Villa on Saturday by no fewer than eight goals to one) against Wolverhampton Wanderers. For the third year in succession the Casuals reached the final tie in the London Cup competition, but once again they failed to win it. Although having the brothers Walters at back, they succumbed to a well-combination of Clapton, who are to be congratulated upon a well-earned victory. In the Charity Cup the Swifts beat Old St. Paul's, and now have to meet the Old Westminsters in the final. England inflicted her eighth defeat upon Ireland to the tune of six goals to one. Rugby-wise, however, Ireland revenged herself upon poor little Wales, who was beaten by two tries to nothing. Much interest was taken in the match between London Scottish and Old Leysians. The Scotchmen won by two goals to none, and thus virtually secured the Metropolitan Championship. Blackheath suffered yet another defeat, this time at the hands of Guy's Hospital. The New Zealanders have beaten Runcorn and Halifax, but were defeated both by Leigh and Oldham.

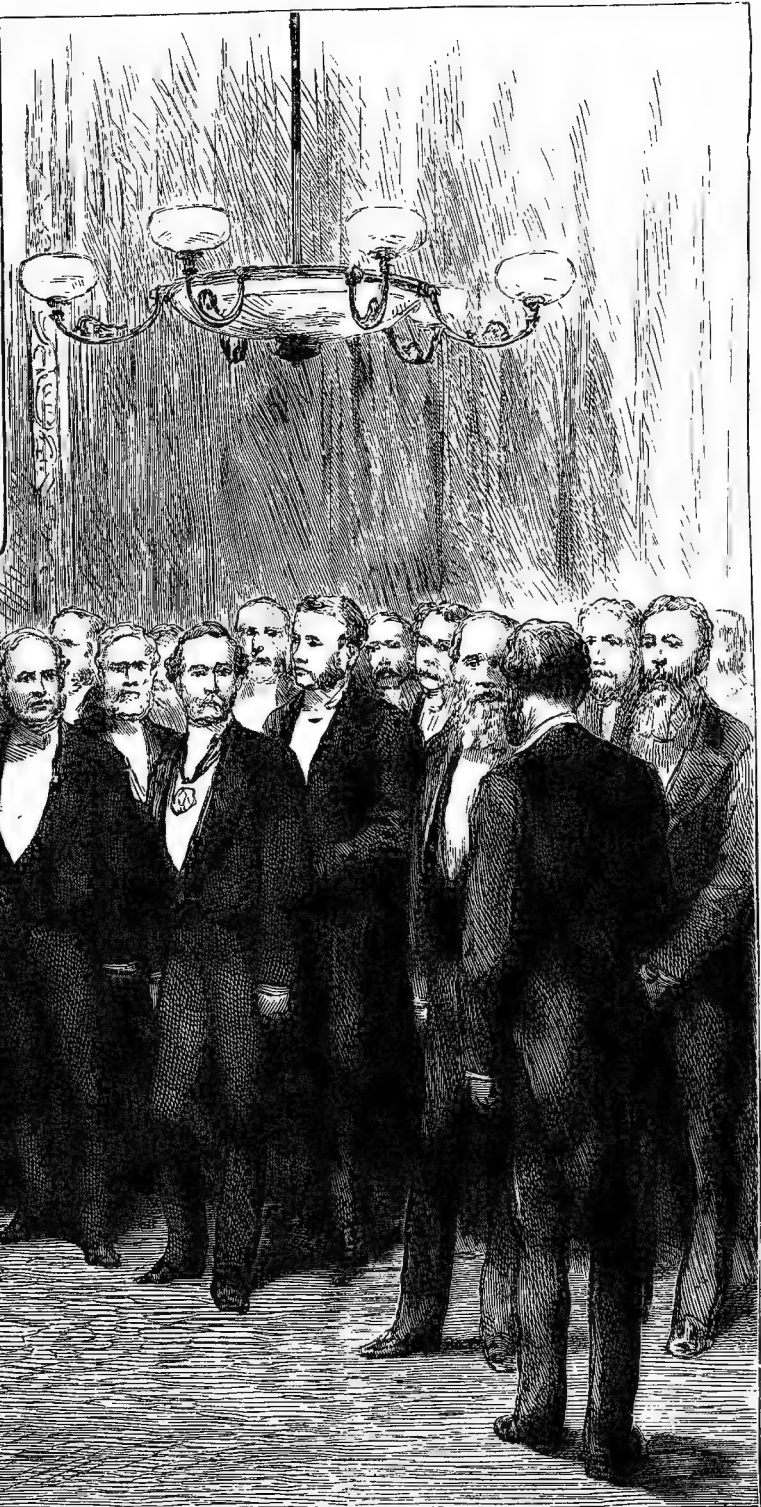
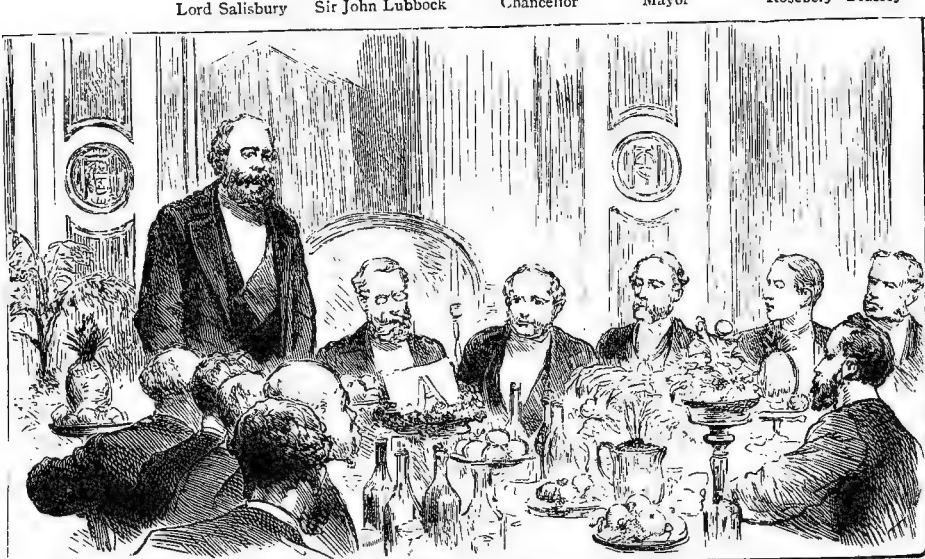


CHRISTO SAVVOF
A Noted Bulgarian Brigand now in prison at Tatar-Bazardjik



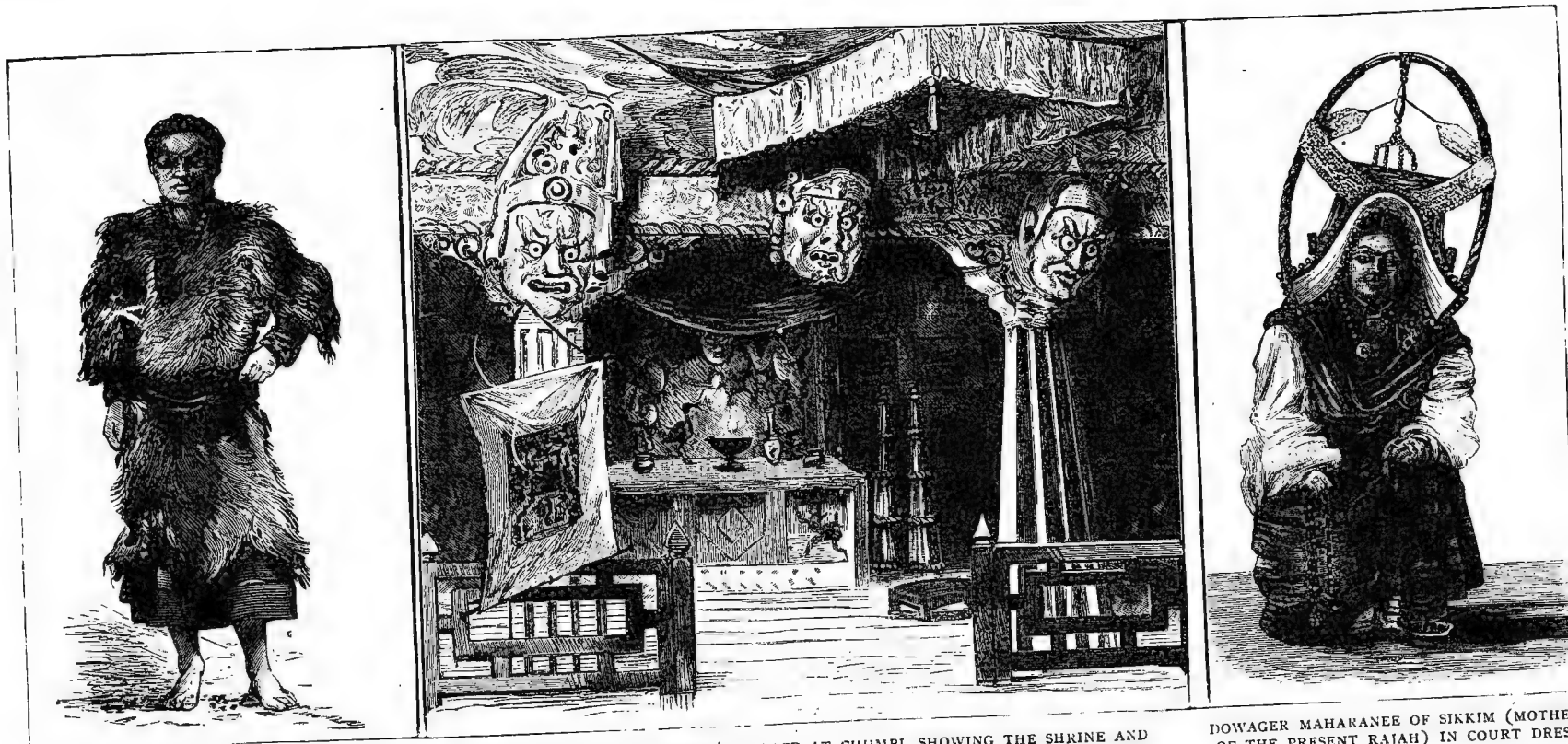
CROYLAND ABBEY, NEAR PETERBOROUGH, YORKSHIRE
Which is now undergoing Rertoration

Lord Salisbury Sir John Lubbock The Lord Chancellor The Lord Mayor Lord Rosebery Lord Brassey



Mr. Mandella Mr. Forwood Lord Salisbury Lord Rosebery Sir John Lubbock The Lord Chancellor The Lord Mayor Lord Brassey

THE ANNUAL DINNER OF THE LONDON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

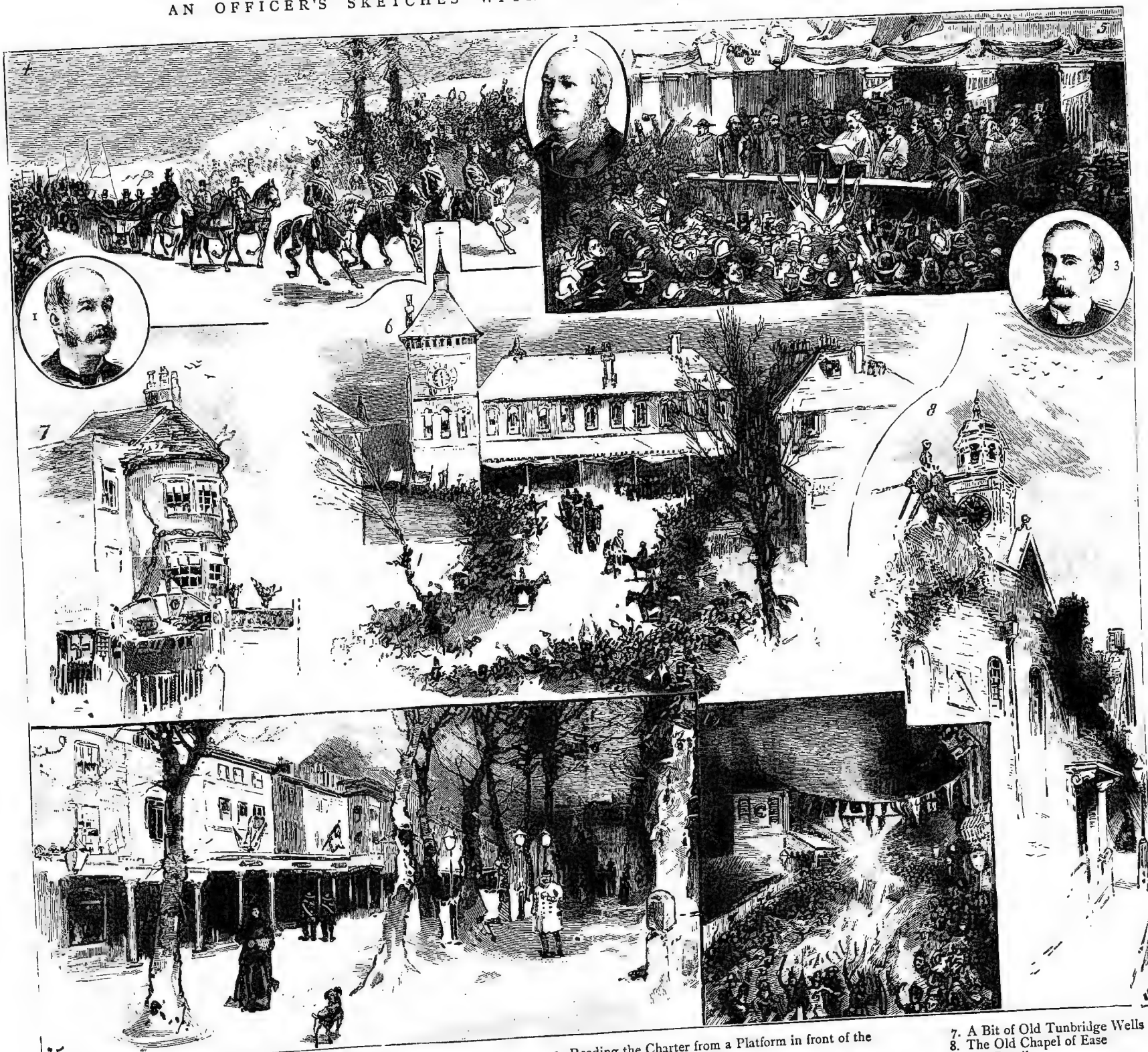


A PRISONER CAPTURED IN A SURPRISE OF ONE OF THE ENEMY'S PICKETS

STATE ROOM IN THE RAJAH'S PALACE AT CHUMBI, SHOWING THE SHRINE AND IMAGE OF BUDDHA

DOWAGER MAHARANEE OF SIKKIM (MOTHER OF THE PRESENT RAJAH) IN COURT DRESS

AN OFFICER'S SKETCHES WITH THE RECENT SIKKIM EXPEDITION



1. Mr. Stone-Wigg, J.P., Chairman of the Local Board
2. Mr. E. Durrant, Chairman Finance Committee
3. Mr. W. C. Cripps, Town Clerk, Tunbridge Wells
4. The Progress of the Deputation

5. Reading the Charter from a Platform in front of the Town Hall
6. Arrival of the Charter Deputation at the Brighton Station

7. A Bit of Old Tunbridge Wells
8. The Old Chapel of Ease
9. The Pantiles
10. The Torchlight Procession

CHARTER-DAY AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS

month's number of the *Review* on "Agnosticism."—Mr. F. W. H. Myers has a highly interesting and suggestive essay on "Tennyson as a Prophet."—Mrs. Humphry Ward, author of "Robert Elsmere," closes the *Review* with a fictional sketch, entitled "The New Reformation," in which the influence of the German historical methods of criticism on an ingenuous mind is lucidly exemplified.

Dr. C. Creighton contributes to *Blackwood* a learned disquisition on "Falstaff's Deathbed," when that famous knight's "nose was as sharp as a pen, and a babbling of green fields." He gives reasons in favour of amending the latter part of this quotation to "a table of green frieze." The sweat of which Sir John is supposed to have died would have produced some such appearance as this.—"France and Her Neighbours" is a thoughtful, well-informed paper.—Mr. William B. Dunlop's "Railways—their Future in China" gives reasons for thinking there is no urgent need for the iron road in the Celestial Empire just yet. What is wanted is the provision "of what," he says, "I may be permitted to call the rolling stock," in the form of river steamers, to take the place of the unwieldy and antiquated junks. . . . When this is done, as it will be by others if not by ourselves, it will cause such a development in the commerce of China, both foreign and local, as the expenditure of one hundred times the capital in railways will not accomplish."—Sir Theodore Martin translates feelingly Freiligrath's well-known "O Lieb so lang du lieben Kannst," under the heading "Love, Love Ever!" "A Scottish Conservative" writes the opening paper in the

National Review on "Scottish Conservatism." He deals largely with electoral statistics, and maintains that not only is Scottish Conservatism far more powerful than its Parliamentary votes indicate, but that it is also a growing power, and he concludes:—"The kinsmen of those who have done so much to make the Colonies and build up our Indian Empire have too much sense and too much soul ever to rest satisfied with a policy that claims as its merits the confession of political impotence, and the prospect of national shrinkage."—Mr. W. H. Mallock makes an entertaining article out of a not very promising subject, "Radicals and Unearned Increment."—Professor Goldwin Smith shows in *Macmillan* how and why "Prohibitionism in Canada and the United States" has failed. "Besides contempt of the law and perjury," he writes, "the country has been filled with ill-blood. Nothing is more odious or poisons the heart of the community more than the employment of spies and informers, to which it has been necessary, and will always be necessary for Prohibitionism to resort."—"C. R." sees that against "Boulangism in England: Our Defences," will largely be found in the capacity of the County Councils for developing strong men for Parliament; though after all, as he very properly puts it, "Our only security must be in the cultivation in all classes of a manly independence which, while it is not too proud to be influenced by worth, resents equally the bullying of a dictator and the cajoleries of a flatterer."—An exceedingly interesting paper by Sir Robert Ball on "Celestial Photography" closes the periodical.

The *Fortnightly* opens with the first instalment of "The Baluch and Afghan Frontiers of India," by the author of "Greater Britain." Sir Charles Dilke gives in full and attractive detail an account of a visit he paid in 1888, in company with Sir Frederick Roberts and his staff, to Quetta. Deeply interesting as is the writer's description of this station, and of the scenery and people surrounding it, the new appreciation of our great Central Asian rival to which he gives vent is perhaps more remarkable. In one place he says, "Although subject to what, with our parliamentary ideas, we are disposed to style despotism, the Russian people are full of spirit and of those qualities which we consider specially Anglo-Saxon—'pluck' and 'go'—Russia has absorbed with rapidity, but with completeness, the greater part of Central Asia, has drawn steadily nearer and nearer, has made herself extremely popular with the people she has conquered."

The Right Hon. Henry H. Fowler opens the *Contemporary* with a somewhat technical article on "Committee of Supply."—The same epithet will apply to "The Panama Canal" (with map and diagrams), by Mr. Edward Whymper. Where his remarks are personal to M. Lesseps he is more generally interesting. Of the great French engineer Mr. Whymper observes:—"He has caused the loss of a sum greatly exceeding the capital of the Suez Canal and the whole of its earnings since its completion. He has promised his clients fortunes, and he has given them beggary."

LIGHT VERSUS DARKNESS.

"**SHAKESPEARE**—The Greatest Genius who has ever yet lived"—taught the DIVINENESS of FORGIVENESS, of Perpetual MERCY, of CONSTANT PATIENCE, of ENDLESS PEACE, of Perpetual Gentleness. If you can show me one who knew these things better than this man, show him!! I KNOW HIM NOT!!— - If he had appeared as a Divine, they would have BURNED HIM; as a POLITICIAN, they would have BEHEADED HIM; but God made him a PLAYER.

"HE TAUGHT THAT KINDNESS IS NOBLER THAN REVENGE!!"—The Rev. GEORGE DAWSON, M.A.

"Earthly power doth then show likest God's
When Mercy Seasons Justice.

And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
THE DEEDS OF MERCY."—SHAKESPEARE

What higher aim can man attain

Than conquest over human pain?

JEOPARDY OF LIFE, THE GREAT DANGER OF DELAY.

You can change the trickling stream, but not the Raging Torrent

WHAT EVERYBODY SHOULD READ.—How important it is to every individual to have at hand some simple, effective, and palatable remedy such as ENO'S FRUIT SALT, to check disease at the onset!!! For this is the time. With very little trouble you can change the course of the trickling mountain stream, but not the rolling river. It will defy all your tiny efforts. I feel I cannot sufficiently impress this important information upon all Householders, Ship Captains, or Europeans generally, who are visiting or residing in any hot or foreign climate. Whenever a change is contemplated likely to disturb the condition of health, let ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" be your companion, for under any circumstances its use is beneficial, and never can do harm. When you feel out of sorts, yet unable to say why, frequently without any warning you

are suddenly seized with lassitude, disinclination for bodily or mental exertion, loss of appetite, sickness, pain in the forehead, dull aching of back and limbs, coldness of the surface, and often shivering, &c., &c., then your whole body is out of order, the spirit of danger has been kindled, but you do not know where it may end; it is a real necessity to have a simple remedy at hand. The Pilot can so steer and direct as to bring the ship into safety, but he cannot quell the raging storm. The common idea when not feeling well is: "I will wait and see; perhaps I shall be better to-morrow;" whereas had a supply of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" been at hand, and use made of it at the onset, all calamitous results might have been avoided. What dashes to the earth so many hopes, breaks so many sweet alliances, blasts so many auspicious enterprises, as untimely Death?

"I used my 'FRUIT SALT' freely in my last severe attack of fever, and I have every reason to say I believe it saved my life."—J. C. ENO.

SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER SALINES.—"Dear Sir,—Having been in the habit of taking your 'FRUIT SALT' for many years, I think it only right to tell you that I consider it a most invaluable medicine, and far superior to all other saline mixtures I have ever tried. I am never without a bottle of it in the house, as I find it possesses three most desirable qualities—namely, it is pleasant to the taste, promptly efficacious, and leaves no unpleasant after-effects. I do not wish my name to appear, but apart from the publication of that you are welcome to make use of this testimonial if it is of service."—A DEVONSHIRE LADY.—January 25, 1889.

HOW KANDAHAR WAS WON

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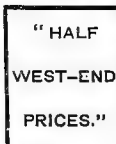
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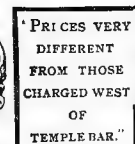
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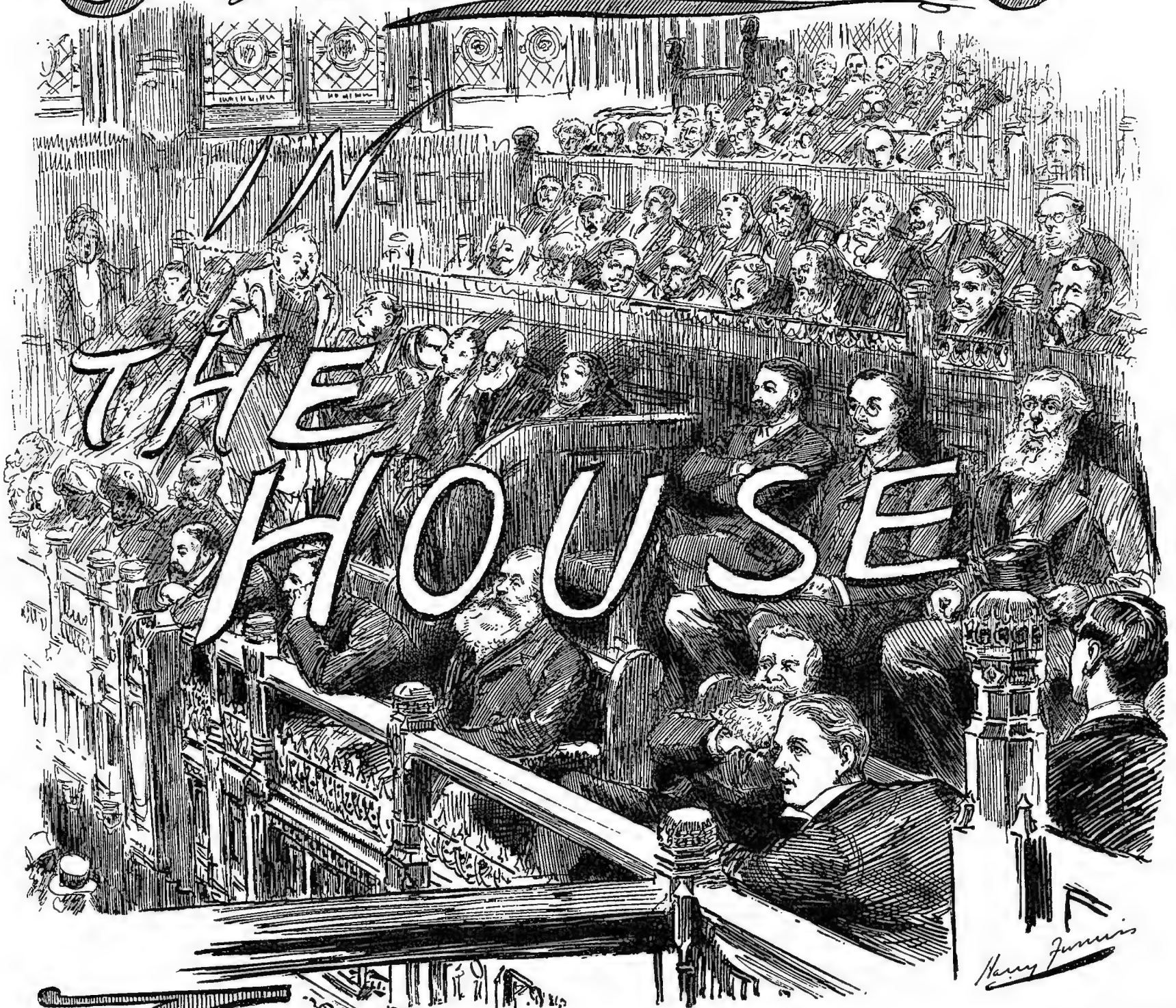
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LIFE IN PARLIAMENT. SKETCHED IN PEN AND PENCIL BY *Harry Furniss*.

STRANGERS



THESE sketches in pen and pencil are specially prepared for the general public, and not for those, as "Arry" of Cockayne would say, "in the know," otherwise Members of Parliament; it is right, therefore, that the first Supplement should deal with the admission of Strangers to the Houses of Parliament; particularly as this subject has been recently discussed in the House of Commons and in the Press; and a Committee has sat, and reported on it; altering in many respects, and greatly improving, the old system, or want of system, and reducing the friction of the progress of the House to a minimum, so that the progress of the

between the public, the officials, and honourable Members of a House, has been robbed of half its terrors, enterprising Stranger from the outer world into the inner sanctum has one less thorn.

Most of my readers have probably already concluded that the heading to this portion of my article is a sketch of the Gallery of the House. Possibly some of my friends may also seem to recognise faces not altogether unfamiliar among the occupants of these austere benches. I regret, however, to disappoint any reader looking for a personal introduction, as we are now within the precincts of the House, where "Silence is requested," and where also the rules rhythmically deprecate

All demonstrations by
Strangers in the Gallery

I trust to be believed when I say that I commenced this article with the best intention to be as ponderously methodical and withal as dull as the most "revised" edition of a "Practical Guide;" as, however, we have allowed ourselves to be beguiled by the sketch to effect an unauthorised entry to the Strangers' Gallery, we must make the best of our escape, in order later on to find our way step by step in the approved and orthodox manner. Meanwhile I must entreat you to pay a careful attention to my discourse, and not keep straying away to "look at the pictures," or else we shall lose each other, and then—well, the police know me, and I shall get out safe.

The admission of Strangers has been, and, I venture to think, always will be unsatisfactory to the members and their friends. "The best club in England" is not alone in Club-land in snubbing its visitors; plainly speaking, strangers are not wanted.

WORRY

GREATNESS has its penalties, and the penalty paid for being a Member of Parliament is worry:—

other sinners have other sorrows, it is true—even the poor scrawler may know what it is to yearn for oblivion, for there be correspondents who demand a sketch on every page, and hosts who expect a joke for every mouthful. But what are these? No one but your editor can compel you to dine, and he will none of your jokes; no one but the Income Tax collector can force you to correspond with him, and to him your sketches were as welcome as soda-water to a starving cannibal. With your M.P., it is different; a constituency is a many-headed monster, and its capacity for worry is unbounded, and its presumption is without end. So the round goes—worry by letter from every possible person upon every impossible question, many (perhaps most) with no other object than the grabbing of an auto-

graph (pestilent craze!), worry of appeals for patronage, appeals for subscriptions, worry of deputations, petitions, and so on; but the greatest of all worries is this one—the admission of strangers. There is no doubt the officials do everything in their power for the convenience of the visitors and the safety of the members (it is the latter point which has raised the whole question lately), but their power is limited. A house that cannot accommodate all its members can hardly be expected to find room for all its visitors. The barrier between the Speaker's Gallery and the Strangers' Gallery has recently been altered, giving accommodation for another row of benches, thus raising the number of seats available for visitors to about one hundred and sixty. Fancy a hundred and sixty seats when some great debate is on—some debate that interests every voter in the United Kingdom! Then fancy



"WORRY"

your poor Member is worried on such an occasion for what he has not the power to give.

I have already casually mentioned the Select Committee of the House of Commons, which in the last spring "to inquire into the Rules and Regulations under which strangers are admitted to the House and its Precincts, and to Report whether any Alterations in the same are expedient." This Committee consisted of Viscount Ebrington (Chairman), on whose motion the Committee was formed, Mr. Bartley, Mr. Biggar, Mr. Fulton, Mr. Marjoribanks, the Home Secretary, Mr. David Plunkett (Board of Works), and Sir George Trevelyan. I think Sir Wilfrid Lawson was also on the list; he looked in, and I made a note of him, but I only saw him in the room once.

Some extracts from the evidence taken before the Committee will serve to illustrate the changes which have taken place in the manner in which Strangers have been permitted to obtain admission to the House of late years.

Mr. Eleazar Denning, Chief Inspector of Police for the House of Commons from 1867 to 1887, is here sketched by me whilst giving his evidence. The familiar face (I cannot say familiar figure, for, since he has resigned his office, and his mantle has fallen on robust Chief Inspector Horsley, the late Chief has donned the plain clothes of retirement), was greeted with a general welcome, unmistakable sign of his popularity. His evidence ran as follows:—

"The system in vogue in 1857, when I first came, was that Members were allowed to give one order a day, on any slip of paper which might first come to hand, writing on it the words, 'Admit Bearer to the Gallery of the House of Commons.'"

AN EXTINCT RACE

“PERSONS holding these orders were allowed to come in at an early hour in the morning. It frequently happened that they would assemble outside the doors of Westminster Hall as early as half-past two in the morning, when there was an important debate coming off on the evening of that day. It happened several times just after my appointment here that, when the House sat till two or half-past, as we left we found people waiting at the door to enter for the next sitting of the House. But those persons who were waiting to go in at that early hour in the morning were not the persons who it was intended should occupy the seats in the Gallery in the afternoon; they were persons who had been hired by the original holders of the tickets to come and secure the seats; and they would thus occupy a seat in St. Stephen's Hall from that early hour (for we used to open the doors at six o'clock) till about three in the afternoon. Sometimes we would have one hundred and fifty to two hundred persons rushing in when the door was open, and frequently there was a race through Westminster Hall, up the steps, and into the Hall of St. Stephen, which was the place for waiting. Among these people trying to secure the first places, very discreditable scenes used frequently to take place; sometimes I have seen blows exchanged between competitors struggling for the best posts. This state of things went on for about a month or six weeks after my first appointment. Many complaints were made; the Serjeant-at-Arms received complaints as well as myself, so much so indeed that there were letters written to the papers complaining of the irregularities and scenes which occurred in the early mornings during this time. The police were very frequently accused of connivance, and of allowing persons to come and occupy seats who had not sent their proper representatives.”

Mr. Plunkett asked:—"What do you mean by their proper representatives?"

"I mean that a person had been sent in the morning with an order to occupy the seat ; but, before the person who was to occupy the seat in the Gallery came, at about three o'clock, some one had come in, and said, ' This is my place.'"

“Such a man had not an order for himself, but he got the seat to which it would entitle him. The police were frequently found fault with, and accused of connivance; and, as I have said, many complaints were made to me on this score. I made a communication to the Serjeant-at-Arms, stating that it was a very irregular proceeding, and one which I did not consider it safe in my position to allow to continue. We had a consultation together once or twice on the matter, and the result was that a ballot for precedence was adopted. I went through the ballot in dumb form with a few



of my men; and the Commissioner, then Sir Richard Mayne, approved of my conducting a ballot. That ballot took place on the first occasion; the 27th of March, 1867, was the first time that the ballot for the Strangers' Gallery took place."

Oh, Eleazar ! we thank thee for this scene ! Picture it, Stranger ! 'twould need the pencil of a Rembrandt to depict, a Macaulay to describe. Assembled in some gloomy niche within this vast and Gothic pile behold a knot of sable-clad police. What are they up to ? Can it be some awful conspiracy ? Even thus the discontented chiefs, by Brutus led, assembled in the Capitol that fateful day Great Cæsar fell. No ! no ! rather some fiendish plotter, some second Guy Fawkes, has surely been detected, and is to be seized red-handed by our vigilant defenders. What dark whispers are going around that the echoes must not hear ? This casting of lots ? Shall chance decide then who is to face the criminal alone ? Oh dear no ? this is only the excellent Eleazar's dumb charade in rehearsal, shortly to be repeated daily, until further announcements. Many a time since then have I seen the Admirable Denning conduct this afternoon performance ; and although, perhaps *because*, it has in its turn become a thing of the past, a brief account of the public entertainment may interest my readers. The Stranger, armed with a Member's order, is allowed to pass the policeman at the outer door, and finds himself, with many other Strangers, in St. Stephen's Hall. If a second after 3.30, he finds himself on the wrong side of the door, which is closed sharp to time. Should he arrive before that time (the custom is now to open the outer door at a quarter-past two) he has leisure to inspect the statuary in the Hall ; to discover how very like the statue of Pitt is to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain—the addition of an eyeglass would simply make it perfect ; to gaze at Fox's energetic attitude, and, while he is wondering whether Billings, the Member for his borough, in marble, would greatly strengthen the already impressive effect of these immortalised Senators of the past, the sonorous voice of Chief Inspector Denning calls out, " Strangers, sit down, please ! "



CHAIRMAN



My readers will, I think, agree that it is now time I offered some particulars as to the earliest stages of the Stranger's progress. The door by which the Stranger makes his entrance to the building is known as St. Stephen's Entrance, and is situate exactly in the middle of the building measuring from North to South, from the Clock Tower to the Victoria Tower. This doorway is close to the remains of the Old Law Courts, now being removed, on the North, and also to the majestic colossal equestrian statue of Richard the Lion's Heart, on the South. Be it also said, for the guidance of the complete stranger, that this sole entrance is in Old Palace Yard, which he must distinguish from New Palace Yard (the place of cabs and pigeons and grass plots and policemen), which contains no entrance by which the public are at any time allowed to pass in. On presenting himself at the portal, the Stranger is asked his business, and on showing his order he is allowed to pass into St. Stephen's Hall, to gain which he must traverse a broad platform or landing, which opens on to the Southern end of Westminster Hall, or, more correctly speaking, the South end of the ancient hall has been moved bodily back southwards some thirty feet, and the great window now illumines with the light of five centuries this portion of the entrance to the modern, but by no means unworthy, Palace of Legislature.

THE STRANGERS' PROGRESS

If the visitor arrives at a quarter-past two, when the door is opened, he will have an hour and a quarter (until half-past three) in which he may choose whether he treats himself to a roving inspection of the statuary and the architectural beauties of St. Stephen's Hall, or endeavours to improve his chance of a good seat in the Gallery by securing a place on the comfortable stone "divan," as near the top, on the left hand, as he can. If there are a good number of visitors, they are all asked to seat themselves, and then the police commence to conduct the Strangers, in parties of six, into the Central Hall or Octagon Chamber (known to frequenters of the House as the "Outer Lobby"), from which a small door, on the left hand side of the Members' Corridor, leads to the staircase to the



site bench and again working down to the Outer Lobby, and, in presenting the sketch which I have made (on page 248) of a characteristic scene in that lofty and beautiful chamber, I must ask you not to imagine that all these persons jotted down are Members of Parliament; nay, indeed, that is impossible, at least for the present, for I had almost forgotten the presence of one member of the sweet sex, the sex that will not, I fear, join the ranks of M.P.'s until some time after the federation of the "World has bustled up and gone on;" when the Parliamentary artist on *Punch* will wish he had never been born. It is to this lobby that persons are admitted who wish to see a certain Member, and those shown in my sketch are chiefly waiting, after having sent their cards for some Member to come out of the House to see them. It was in 1885 that an alteration was made in the regulations, bringing this Lobby under the control of the Speaker; as, previous to this, many complaints had been made by Members of the crowded state of the Lobby; and consequently more restrictions are observed as to the number of persons admitted at one time, and the nature of their business. The majority of these casual visitors are seekers for a place in the Strangers' Gallery who have not obtained tickets beforehand, and have sent in their card to a Member they know (more or less); who can if he will get them what is termed a "supplemental order," provided only that there be a vacancy in the Gallery at the time. An attendant takes a number of visitors' cards, and searches the House for the Members. From time to time he comes out, the visitors then gather round him, and the "Not In" (page 248) call takes place, often with dismal effect. The barrier on either side of the entrance to the corridor leading to the inner lobby has been put up of recent years. Previous to 1885 the crush here was often so great that it was difficult to keep a clear passage where the M.P.'s rushed into the House, summoned by the division bell.

A SLAVE TO CONSTITUENTS

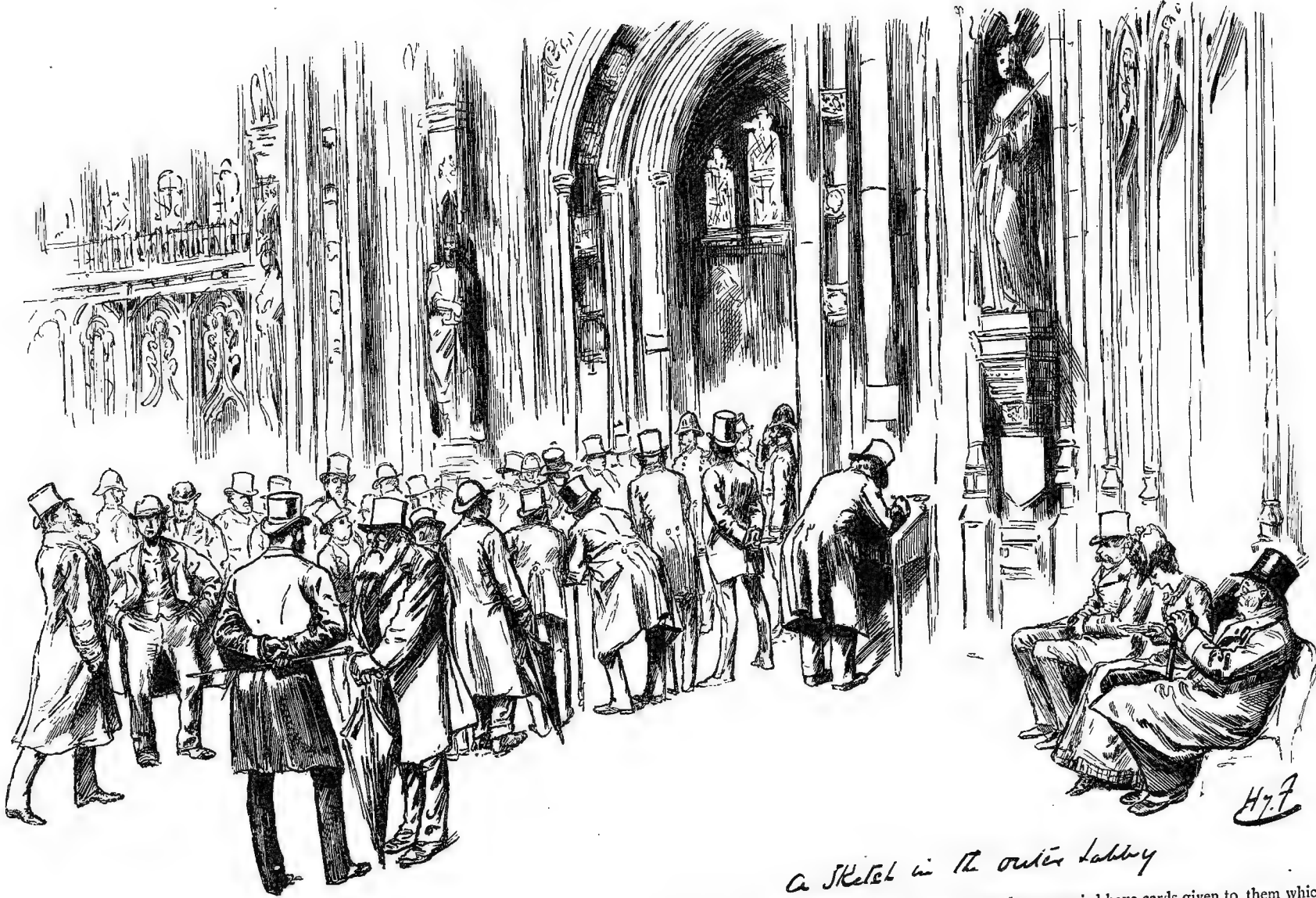
It may be surprising to some to hear that our legislators are subject to any extent to such unceremonious treatment as is implied above; but such is the case. The life of a Member of Parliament is not one of peace. He may be in the Library, deep in some interesting book; or in the Smoking Room, engaged in conversation, or enjoying a choice cigar, or in the midst of important work with his secretary; or, worse still, at dinner; or, finally, in the House itself, when Mr. Blobb's card, or Mr. Greenacre's, or Mr. Turnipstons—constituents, no doubt—is sent in with a message that the gentleman wishes to him. A vote is a vote, and a wise Member of Parliament will never allow anything to interfere with his attention to it, whether it comes to demand his attention at an awkward moment or not, and whether it comes in fustian or broadcloth, he must smile and bear these interruptions, or suffer a rebuke from his constituents, Committee, or his agent.

Leaving the Outer Lobby by the little door at the north-west corner, the Stranger is for a moment released from custody, and mounts the stair unaided, traverses a long corridor, more stairs, and another corridor, and then finds himself inside a glass door, confronted by a desk, on which is the book in which he must sign his name, under the supervision of an official, who thereupon allows him to pass through the turnstile (on the hither side of the desk in the sketch). Ladies going to that special little Gallery behind the Strangers' have not to sign their names or crush their dresses, but pass through the room, as shown in our sketch (page 249). It may be interesting to note that the table shown in this sketch came out of the old Houses of Parliament, and that this room is used as a pen for Strangers when they are "spied" by some Member, and are obliged, therefore, to leave the House. The most notorious case of this occurrence was when Mr. Biggar, a few years ago, "spied

But *revenons à nos moutons* (on the first page). Foremost in my first sketch are the Peers' and Distinguished Strangers. These benches are generally deserted except when some important speech is expected. On the memorable afternoon when Mr. Gladstone introduced his Irish Bill, the rush made by noble Peers for seats



resembled the scramble at the pit door at Drury Lane on Boxing Night, and some of the younger members of the Upper House seemed to enjoy it. The Duke of Marlborough came with the rush, and Lord Fife was conspicuous in the *mêlée*. The demand for seats for Strangers for that never-to-be-forgotten day was unparalleled, and those lucky enough to get them saw one of the most remarkable scenes that ever took place in the House of Commons. Some members, to secure their seats, slept in the House all night, and the aspect of the place in the early morning must have been indeed strange. I got down to the House about ten o'clock, and it then presented the appearance of the saloon of a steamer after a warm night in the Red Sea, more than that of the Legislative Chamber of Great Britain. There were M.P.'s in every state of attire, some with travelling caps, and some with railway rugs, some resting, some restless, all weary. Most of these Members, I need hardly say, belonged to the Irish contingent. Neither space, nor the intention of this article, would allow of my entering into the details of the great scene of this day, even did I not feel it quite beyond my power to convey anything like an adequate impression of a scene so memorable, and so historical. I must here content myself with casually introducing my friends to some of the best-known frequenters of the Peers' Gallery as they are shown in my sketch, and shall then pass on to some of the more general scenes which the Stranger may witness at his ease on days when the tide of Parliamentary business pursues the even tenor of its way and without passing the whirlpools and cataracts of excitement and eloquence which characterise an occasion such as that I have briefly alluded to. As briefly, still, as possible, then let me say that the only Peers of whom I have made a recognisable note in the drawing of the Gallery, are Lord Spencer, Lord Rosebery, the Marquis of Ripon, Lord Cross, Lord Cadogan, Lord Dunraven, and Lord Rowton. The Prince of Wales always occupies the place over the clock. Ambassadors and Distinguished Strangers are allotted the few seats on the Prince's right. When some Foreign Potentate, in gorgeous attire, comes in his magnificence to brighten the scene there is immediately a flutter in the Press Gallery, the representatives of the papers endeavouring to find out who the Magnate might be. I must confess to the opinion that the House is more impressive



A Sketch in the outer lobby

with the appearance of the Stranger than the Stranger with that of the House, particularly if it be in Committee, and Mr. Bore happens to have the House to himself.

The first impression of the Stranger on entering the House of Commons is one of disappointment; it looks small and insignificant. I have mentioned in an earlier portion of this paper that the capacity of the House is insufficient for the accommodation of all its members; this is, however, not exactly an accidental fact, for the original design was to make the apartment "as small as possible (consistently with occasional necessities) for the purpose of speaking and hearing without effort during the average attendance of members, which amounts to about three hundred." The Stranger will next feel amused at the curious and unique sight of rows of hats on the seats, which *Mr. Punch* has called "the hattitude of the House before prayers." This sight can scarcely fail to call to mind the well-known practical joke of Sothorn, who had asked a number of people to dinner, and, after they were seated at the table, a guest arrived late. Before he was admitted to the room, Sothorn hurriedly bade his friends get under the table, "to give him a surprise," which they, knowing his humour for practical joking, unsuspectingly did with all possible haste. The new-comer naturally expressed surprise, and asked if no one else had arrived. "Oh, yes!" said Sothorn, in his inimitably stolid way. "Oh, yes, they are all here, but for some reason they have all gone under the table!" So the Stranger would imagine from the appearance of the benches that the Hon. Members were for some reason hiding under their seats. In reality it is the only way Members can reserve their seats. The hats are

left there to represent their owners, for, sad to relate, only very few of the Members ever hear the comforting words which fall from the Speaker's Chaplain. It would seem to follow that they are wandering the lobbies and draughty corridors hatless. A few years ago the practical Mr. Mitchell Henry brought to light the astounding fact that this was not the case, by formally putting a question to the Speaker, at a sitting of the House, on this point, and seriously inquired whether it was in order for Members to have *two hats*, one a "working hat" to wear, and the other a dummy to be employed solely as a seat-securer, which was the deceptive habit customarily indulged in, and asked whether Members would not act more honourably and with more common sense, by placing their cards instead of their hats upon the seats. I take Mr. David Anderson's word that the Speaker, "in a manner most dignified and stately, informed the honourable gentleman and the assembled Legislature that the hat placed upon the seat should be the veritable hat of the wearer, not a spare or odd one brought by design to serve a purpose. The custom had, he intimated, been in force for many years, and it presupposed that an Honourable Member was in immediate attendance upon the House. A piece of paper or a pair of gloves Mr. Speaker ruled to be insufficient as a seat-securer." Nothing has yet been done for the benefit of the late-comer. The custom of the House continues to be "first come first served," and the rest nowhere.

This "Hat Question" has been a great injustice to the several Members attending the Committees, when they could not leave the Committees in time to secure their seats in this customary way; but

latterly Members occupied have cards given to them which they can place in the little frame specially instituted for that purpose, which is fixed upon the woodwork of the seat. Therefore, the Stranger, seeing pink cards conspicuously here and there, may know that the Hon. Members who are presently to occupy these seats are at the moment labouring for their country's good elsewhere. Of course there are certain seats that well-known members invariably occupy, and are by etiquette allowed to retain.

Should the Stranger be punctual, and seated before the Speaker's procession enters, he will be in the curious position to inform the representative of his paper what the scene is like, since for some reason Strangers are allowed to take their seats before prayers, but the gentlemen of the Press are not. Why? Strangers, no doubt, would look with a proper respect upon the solemn scene; but gentlemen of the Press would look for "copy;" and the very thought might, perhaps, disturb the Honourable Members at their devotion. I may safely say that very few Pressmen, indeed, have seen the House at prayers. They are shut out of the House, and have to wait, impatient and anxious to begin business, until the Chaplain's mission is over. Thus it will be seen that the Stranger has one unaccountable advantage over the Pressman.

THE SPEAKER'S PROCESSION

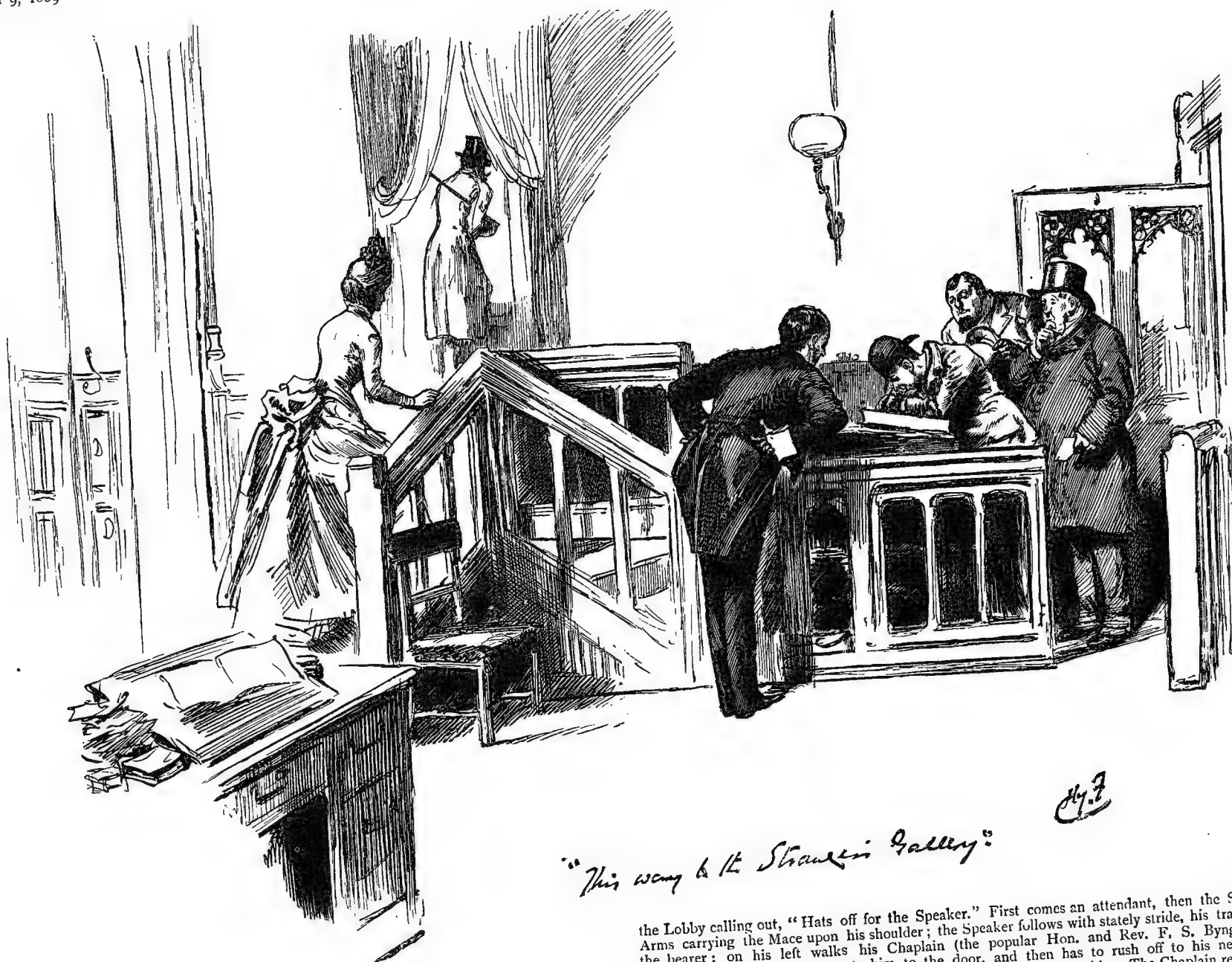
The Speaker's procession is announced by the Chief Inspector in



Constituents



an official



"This way to the Stranger's Gallery"

the Lobby calling out, "Hats off for the Speaker." First comes an attendant, then the Serjeant-at-Arms carrying the Mace upon his shoulder; the Speaker follows with stately stride, his train held by the bearer; on his left walks his Chaplain (the popular Hon. and Rev. F. S. Byng); on his right, his Secretary, who escorts him to the door, and then has to rush off to his never-ceasing duties. The Serjeant-at-Arms places the Mace upon the end of the table. The Chaplain reads prayers from the seat at the table, which is occupied by the Chairman of Committee when on duty; the Speaker occupies a place by his side. The Members stand up, face to the wall. Prayers are soon over, the Clerks' seats are rearranged, the Speaker occupies the Chair; there is a rush and banging of doors in the Press Gallery overhead, as the gentlemen of the quill scramble for seats, and, as soon as the dull preliminaries are got over, presenting petitions, &c, the owners of the hats on the benches quickly enter, for "question time" is an important, though much abused, slice of the afternoon sitting. Here I should pause to mention that the Stranger will have noticed that the two front benches have hitherto been innocent of either Members or their silent representatives, both during prayer-time and through the preliminaries; he will soon, however, arrive at the fact that these are reserved

NOTICE
All demonstrations by
Strangers in the Gallery
are out of order and must
be treated accordingly.
By order of the
Sergeant at Arms



"Another injustice to Ireland"



"Ejected"

absolutely; the bench to the Speaker's right hand for Ministers, and on the left for ex-Ministers, that is to say, the leaders of the Government and of the Opposition. The representatives of the Government soon come in prepared for the fire of questions. Most of them carry in their hands a small flat square-box, to wit, a despatch-box, and you will notice a slip of paper peeping out from under the lid, as if it had been accidentally shut out, and if from your position you were able to read what was upon each, you would gather, perhaps, the information you are at the moment most wishing for, namely, an answer to your unspoken question, "Who is it?" For it bears the name of the Member of the Government, or office-bearer, written on it.

The Chief Secretary for Ireland (Mr. A. J. Balfour) is sure to be the Minister most questioned, so he is early in his seat. His tall, lank, æsthetic figure glides in; his hair is well brushed off his forehead, his pince-nez sparkles, and his face wears that complacent smile which is so irritating to the Irish section. He places the despatch-box on his knees, and slowly taking his keys from his pocket examines them one by one with apparently studied deliberation, as if he loved them.

This little bunch of keys which lock up the fate of Ireland is watched by those on the other

side with envy. The proper key is found, the despatch-box opened, and out of it are taken the various replies, or notes, or replies that have been prepared to deal with for the day. The other Ministers prepare to receive Cavalry, and some, with a blotting-pad on their knees, attend to pressing correspondence.

QUESTION TIME

MEMBERS wishing to ask questions of Ministers must hand in their queries to the Clerk of the House in time for the Speaker to supervise them. After the Speaker has edited them, they are printed in full on the notice-paper, and numbered. In former days the questioner always read his question in full at the sitting of the House for which it was put down. Now that waste of time is done away with. The interrogator, when called upon by the Speaker, rises and says, "I beg to ask the right honourable gentleman" (or whatever title the Minister addressed may claim) "the question that stands in my name." The Minister or Head of Department thus called upon now rises to reply, taking his place by one of the huge boxes upon the table, sometimes reading a lengthy statement, elaborately prepared and bristling with statistics, sometimes giving a brief, matter-of-fact answer, without note, and unadorned with any of the rhetorical flourishes so dear to some. In either case the reply is mostly satisfactory, and the time affords a capital opportunity for the visitor to find out who the Members are, as those who have questions to ask are called upon by the Speaker by name.

Question after question is disposed of, from time to time there is a rustling of papers; this simultaneous turning-over of hundreds of the crisp blue pages of the notices in the Members' hands ("their unanimity is something wonderful") effectually drowns a Member's name or a reply we were listening to catch. It has been seriously asked why the custom should continue of giving a verbal reply in the House, and suggested that instead the reply should be printed in the same way as the question, and a great saving of valuable time be effected.

After an hour or so of "Questions and Answers," a feeling of weariness may commence to steal over the most ardent of Strangers in the House, but his spirits may be revived from time to time by some Member, whose carefully-prepared interrogatory was intended to involve discussion, dissatisfied with the reply, remarking curtly, "The right honourable gentleman has not answered my question." The Minister usually gives an evasive reply, whereupon the obstrusive Member rises for the third time, intimating that he will continue his motion for the adjournment of the House. If he then include with a motion for the adjournment of the House. He then find forty Members rise to support him, the obstrusive Member soon at a speech, and the regular course is upset. The Stranger soon ceases to be grateful for this break in the monotony of question-time, as a speech of this kind, the chief object of which is to occupy the time of the House, is rarely interesting, and, as the hon. Member grows intolerably dull, the Stranger becomes weary of listening to his aimless monologue, and finds more interest in "taking stock" of the House.

It is impossible to obtain from the Strangers' Gallery any view whatever of the Members who are seated below the Gangway, and near the entrance which is beneath the Gallery in which we are sitting. Amongst "others of less note," the massive person of Mr. Bradlaugh is entirely excluded from sight, crane your neck how you may; however, you need at least have no fear that, should occasion arise for the junior Member for Northampton to take up his parable, you can by any chance fail to hear the ring of his sonorous tones.

THE THREE GRACES

By this time Mr. Gladstone has entered the House, and taken his seat between Mr. Morley and Sir William Harcourt. It will be noticed that Mr. Gladstone never brings his hat in with him; but



Ten minutes for Refreshments



not in

one of the things which rarely fails to strike any one, seeing this notable figure for the first time, very strangely, is that immediately Mr. Gladstone sits down he seems to change from a tall and striking personage into one quite small, and—but for the expression of his face, once seen never to be forgotten—almost insignificant.

As the three chieftains sit side by side, even Mr. Morley seems physically to overshadow his diminished leader, while the herculean form of Sir William Harcourt almost makes the eclipse complete. Should any interesting question—possibly on Foreign Policy, or, more likely of late, on Ireland—be asked, Mr. Gladstone leans forward, with his hand to his ear, to catch the reply: he not unfrequently supplements the question with a further question still. The Stranger will notice the rolling gait of Lord Hartington as he walks up the House, and seats himself at the end of the bench on which sit the leaders just mentioned. He places his hat well over his eyes, crosses his legs, and puts his hands in his pockets. He is followed by Sir Henry James, who sits next to him. If Lord Hartington is not there, Sir Henry takes a seat behind his former friends. Mr. Smith has entered the House, as a merchant would his office, in a business-like way, ready to attend to all matters with equal solidity. He is business-like, and attempts nothing else; he has a pet phrase about "duty to the country," used on every possible occasion, which is sure of raising a laugh, although guiltless of any humorous intention; nevertheless, he sits there respected by all for his obvious straightforward sincerity. Mr. Goschen sits on his left, in his familiar attitude, reading from time to time, with the document close to his eyes. Lord Randolph Churchill sits on a seat behind, stroking his chin; indeed, the familiar figures are easily discerned, and I will not depart from my intention in this article, nor would space allow of my entering into descriptions of all sitting; and were I to proceed pointing them out one by one, like Mrs. Jarley with her waxwork figures, I am afraid my readers would vote me an "Obstrusive," and apply the "Closure."

The Stranger will notice every quarter of an hour, to the second, the flapping of the doors in the Press Gallery. The gentlemen of the Press in the front row have their own boxes, and are probably taking a verbatim report, in shorthand; as the quarter comes round they are relieved, and the instant these jump out of the box, their fellow-workman is in it, and catches the word immediately following his last. The other representative is off to digest what he has taken down, or to despatch it immediately by the messenger waiting.

The Hon. Member who was addressing the House is still hammering away, and perhaps working himself up to eloquence, when suddenly you hear three taps on a door, and an elderly gentleman in Court dress, with a short wand, walks up the floor of the House, bowing to the Speaker as he walks. This is the "Black Rod," who demands the attendance of the Honourable Commons in the Upper House to hear Her Majesty's sanction to certain Bills. The long-winded gentleman is shut up for the time; the Speaker leaves his place, and, headed by the Serjeant-at-Arms bearing the Mace, marches out of the House, followed by a few Members. In a short time he returns, announces the Bills Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to sanction, and, calling upon the Member who was in possession of the House before this interruption, matters continue as before.

Opera-glasses are allowed in the Galleries, but the appearance of a newspaper brings the attendant down on you very quickly; nor are you allowed to refresh the inner man when in the Galleries; nor, indeed, can your Member, seated in the House, take anything except a glass of water, or something out of a pomatum pot. The late Mr. A. M. Sullivan's attempt to eat currant-buns is historical. A Member can take you down to the Lobby Bar, where you are allowed exactly ten minutes, and no more, for refreshments.

Strangers are admitted to the back row of seats on either side of the door, under the Gallery, that is, upon the floor of the House, as well as in the Galleries themselves. The row on the Government side of the House, however, is reserved for officials when the estimates are being discussed, or any subject upon which the Heads of Departments may wish to consult with the officials without leaving the House.

When a division is requested, Strangers have to withdraw from these seats, though not from the Galleries, so the occupants of the former miss that part of the proceedings. They are drawn up in line in the Inner Lobby, and if a division takes place (sometimes it is a false alarm) they have to retire to the corridor between the lobbies. Here they flatten their noses against the glass door, reminding one of the little girl outside the travelling circus in John Leech's drawing, who is surreptitiously peeping under the canvas of the tent, and cries out, "Oh

Betsey, come 'ere, and bring Hisa-beller! we can see the 'oofs of the 'orses." So these banished Strangers seem to experience a fierce delight in straining to catch a glimpse of the House, which must, however, be quite as limited as the horizon of "Sarah Jane." As soon as Division is over they are promptly readmitted.

A Member wishing to obtain an order during the sitting of the House to pass a friend to the Galleries has to apply to the Serjeant-at-Arms. Although I am allowed into the lobbies and Press Gallery, I have to apply to a Member if I wish to sit in the Strangers' Gallery. The late Serjeant-at-Arms, the popular Captain Gosset, whom I caricatured so unflatteringly in *Punch*, would say, "That fellow? No, no! Keep him out!" Then, good-naturedly, with a twinkle of the eye, give the order for my admission.

Recently a friend of mine sent into the Inner Lobby for me to get him into the House. I was just then on the point of rushing up to the Gallery to make a sketch of a Member who, I had heard, had just risen to speak, an opportunity I had been waiting for. However, I went in search of a Member, and the first I came across was a well-known Q.C., and a clever caricaturist to boot. "An order, certainly!" and in he went to the Serjeant. I waited a very long time for my Q.C., M.P., caricaturing

friend, but he did not turn up with the order. A smiling acquaintance came out of the House, and I asked him if he had seen Woodblock, Q.C. "Oh, yes," he replied, smiling still, "just sitting by him, watching him make a capital caricature of—" the very Member I wanted to "catch!" When the Member had sat down Woodblock ran out, and cheerily apologised for the difficulty he had in getting the order for my friend.

The appearance of Members in the House is very different from their appearance in the Lobby. The light, striking perpendicularly, throws a deep shadow from the Member's eyebrows, and should a hat be worn, which is generally the case, the brim throws the face entirely into shadow. Therefore the Stranger is likely (hungry though he may be) to feel more interested in watching the M.P.'s flitting about the Lobby than in demolishing a custard, sandwich, pressed beef, or whatever he may select off the bar counter. He may actually see Sir Wilfrid Lawson practising what he preaches, by taking a glass of water from the filter at the end of the counter. He may note the fact that the baronet's familiar face is the best part of his appearance; he is bent, and his bearing is anything but prepossessing, and, like Mr. Caine, and other champions of teetotalism, he does not give the impression of robust health.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON'S POCKETS

EXCEPT, perhaps, a mild joke now and then, I do not think Sir Wilfrid would be guilty of poaching, yet the Stranger may notice he has the poacher's pockets—huge pockets inside his coat, generally full of papers from Teetotal or Radical correspondents. Sir Wilfrid makes way for a brewing chieftain, the cut of whose coat shows that his life is divided between the House and the saddle, and turns to Mr. Conybeare (no joke intended) to sympathise with that gentleman in his endeavour to brew some mischief with which to interrupt the business of the House. The Stranger may notice that Mr. Morley is not the fresh young man he looks on the Opposition bench, he has apparently aged thirty years in walking into the Lobby, and should the Stranger practise the art I attempt, he will probably tear up his sketch and draw an older man for Mr. Morley, only to tear that up when he sees him again still altered, and finally give him up as Reynolds gave up Garrick, whose face, when he sat for Sir Joshua, was as changeable as a chameleon.

The M.P. plies his guest with refreshments, and the Stranger's host with questions.

"Who is that tragedian striking an attitude at the other theatrical-looking fellow?"

"Neither are actors, at least, they never perform out of St. Stephen's; the tragedian is Mr. Pickersgill, and his brother "pro" is Mr. Maclean."

"Ah! that attenuated volatile Member who is gesticulating is Mr. E. R. Russell; he would clear the counter of all but a filter of water. He is speaking to Mr. Plunkett, evidently telling him the latest about the Irish evictions; and the picturesque old gentleman doubled nearly in two, walking across the Lobby as if he would fall on his hands or his nose, is Mr. Villiers, Cobden's friend. But your 'ten minutes' is up!"

Later on in the evening another ten minutes may be indulged in, the Stranger this time probably finding that his appetite, previously neglected, demands a less divided attention to the good things upon the bar. After having refreshed the inner man he may betake himself to the Outer Lobby. Here he may see several well-known characters who frequent this part of the House day after day, waiting for some Member to turn up. Perhaps no one is more persistent in his attendance than Mr. Smith, of Coalville. Here is a sketch of him taken on the spot. He is willing, if you will but lend him your ear, to pour into it canal-life gossip *ad lib.* He is but a type of many who haunt the House.

In my sketch on page 248 I have shown the general appearance of the Outer Lobby—at least, a corner of it by the entrance to the House of Commons—on an ordinary night. How different was the picture that memorable night when the Division was taken on Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill! The excitement was at fever heat, and the lobby was crowded. I shall never forget the scene when the result of the Division became known. At first it was reported that the majority was only three (instead of thirty), and at this a cheer arose from every one present—one side because they had won, the other because the majority (they thought) was so small. Hats and sticks were thrown into the air, and all order was lost. Strangers, expected to observe the utmost decorum in this place, cheered again and again. Inspector Denning and his staff did all they could to allay the excitement. The Marquis of Hartington walked out through the people, and one of the crowd made a rush at him—whether to assault him or to congratulate him was not to be known, for the Chief Inspector stepped in. Such excitement and utter disregard of the proprieties by Strangers in the House was never before, and, I do not hesitate to say, never again, will be witnessed in the Outer Lobby.

I think I am correct in stating that ex-M.P.'s have the run of the Inner Lobby; they are certainly frequently to be found there.

When actors have an evening free they invariably go to a theatre; politicians are but actors after all. Those who have courted constituencies, and have been rejected, buzz around the flame again and burn their wings once more. No sooner is a vacancy even hinted at than ardent outsiders turn up to see the Whips, and ask to be selected for the place. The pompous M.P. who was wont to strut his brief hour in the House is deserted, and when he revisits the old campaigning ground his meekness is remarkable, he looks for patronage in place of bestowing it, he shakes hands with the policemen and the door-keepers, and he gladly accepts an invitation to dine with a Member



MR. H. LABOUCHERE, M.P.

Bennondsey turned her back upon him. The Professor may occasionally look in to let off his latest *bon mot*; but I have not been sent at the time. He greatly preferred the Lobby to the House; and, with his thumbs thrust into the armholes of his waistcoat, he would often walk backwards and forwards in the deserted Lobby until a Member came out, when the Professor would seize upon him and let off his latest tit bit, which he enjoyed better than firing off rounds of eloquence in the House.

Mr. Leicester may look in to have a confab with the representatives of the working man in the House. Personally I was sorry that Mr. Leicester was not returned to the new House; he was an excellent subject. To look at him one would never think he spent his days blowing glass, he rather suggested the comic father in some good old farce, his tie, his frockcoat, his light pants, and last, but not least, his expressive face and hair on end made a unique figure in the House. Professor Stuart, with hat well back on his head disclosing a troubled brow, has a sort of saddled-with-all-the-care-of-this-wicked-world look about him as he flits about in a sort of running walk, followed by Mr. Picton, who represents the Radical anti-vaccination town of Leicester, in worth, certainly not in bulk, in contrast to the affable Addison, Q.C., who is a match in this respect to Mr. T. B. Potter, the life and soul (and body) of the Cobden Club, who might well produce a rival work to Savarin's "Gastronomy" when he stands a moment to say a word to Mr. A. H. Brown, the thinnest member of Parliament, a good contrast for the caricaturist. Lord Randolph Churchill walks through the Lobby with his hat rather on the back of his head, and with somewhat of a slouching gait.

About five o'clock, as soon as the Upper House is up, you may notice noble lords in the Commons Lobby. Lord Cross comes in in his business-like energetic manner, as of old. Earl Spencer is constantly there to hear the latest from the "distressful country." Earl Granville hurries up to the Peers' Gallery to have a look at his old Chief, and Lord Derby to encourage the Unionists.

There is something pathetic in seeing the younger Peers hover about the House of Commons. Many of them have looked forward to a brilliant career in the Lower Chamber, and before their chance comes, are suddenly called away to take their hereditary seat in the House of Lords.

I recall Lord Dalhousie, who, when Lord Ramsay, fought the Conservative Liverpool with pluck, and seemed cut out for the place in the Commons now held by the popular Lord Charles Beresford; frequently have I seen him casting longing eyes into the Commons, and there was a sadness about him as if his parliamentary life had been nipped in the bud.

Returning to the Outer Lobby, we see the visitor from the country, whose dream of delight is realised when he comes to London and visits, for the first time, the place he discusses so much in his local political club. He is excitement all over, and in a desperate hurry to get in; but great is his disappointment when he finds that his Member is not in the House, and he has to wait. He leans over the rail protecting the approach to the corridor leading to the Inner Lobby, getting as near to the good-natured policeman on duty at the entrance as possible, plying him with question after question.

"Who's that?"
"Ain't he a Member?"
"Will Mr. Gladstone come by?"
"What's going on inside?"
"Do you think the chap as got my card knows the Member," &c., &c., &c.

He is interested from time to time by seeing a Member come out, by command of some friend or constituent, one of the policemen calls out the Member's name loudly, and he stands in the entrance calls out the Member's name out of a hundred it is some of the corridor. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is some one wanting to get into the House. The Member has to travel back to the House and see if there is room, he gets an order for the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery, and Bloggs is happy ever afterwards, and relates with pride how he once was "distinguished."

Such a man, a Gladstonian, told me, in the country, that his Member was not to be found when he visited the House.

"I tried all the small fry, but no go. Then I played my trump-card. I sent for Lord Hartington."

"No room!"

"He got me in though—into the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery—but it took a Marquis to do it, I tell yer, and blowed if I don't vote for him next election!"

The great political minds are highly interested when any really



MR. GEORGE SMITH, OF COALVILLE

distinguished Stranger appears in the Lobby personally conducted by some Member.

Most of the "lions" of the season visit the House, and are lionised there as well as in the salons of fashionable Society.

Occasionally a flutter is caused in the Lobby by the appearance of the Lord Mayor in all his glory, attired in the State robes of his office. His business will be to appear with some petition in connection with his civic functions; and it may be imagined that Lord Mayors, whether of London or of Dublin (especially Dublin) have the occurrence, during their brief term of magnificence, of such an opportunity to display their "bravery" in this august assemblage. A cheer is heard in the House. Members run to the swing doors.

"Gladstone is up!"
Then they stream in, leaving the Lobby deserted but for the policemen, door-keepers, messengers, and the watching Whips who remain on duty.

(To be continued)

in the House, and chat over his chances of success in the next election.

Members are often glad to have a visit from their less fortunate (?) friends.

Mr. Edwardes, who gives charming little dinners, comes into the Lobby to find guests for his hospitable board; and Mr. Macfarlane is not to be done out of giving his little surprise dinners by being out of Parliament, and runs in an hour before dinner to carry off his friends to a delightful repast. Mr. Agnew may be seen shaking hands all round, and welcomed by all. He has come with dapper Sir Charles Tennant: they doubtless have both been to Christie's, and their conversation is a mixture of paint and politics.

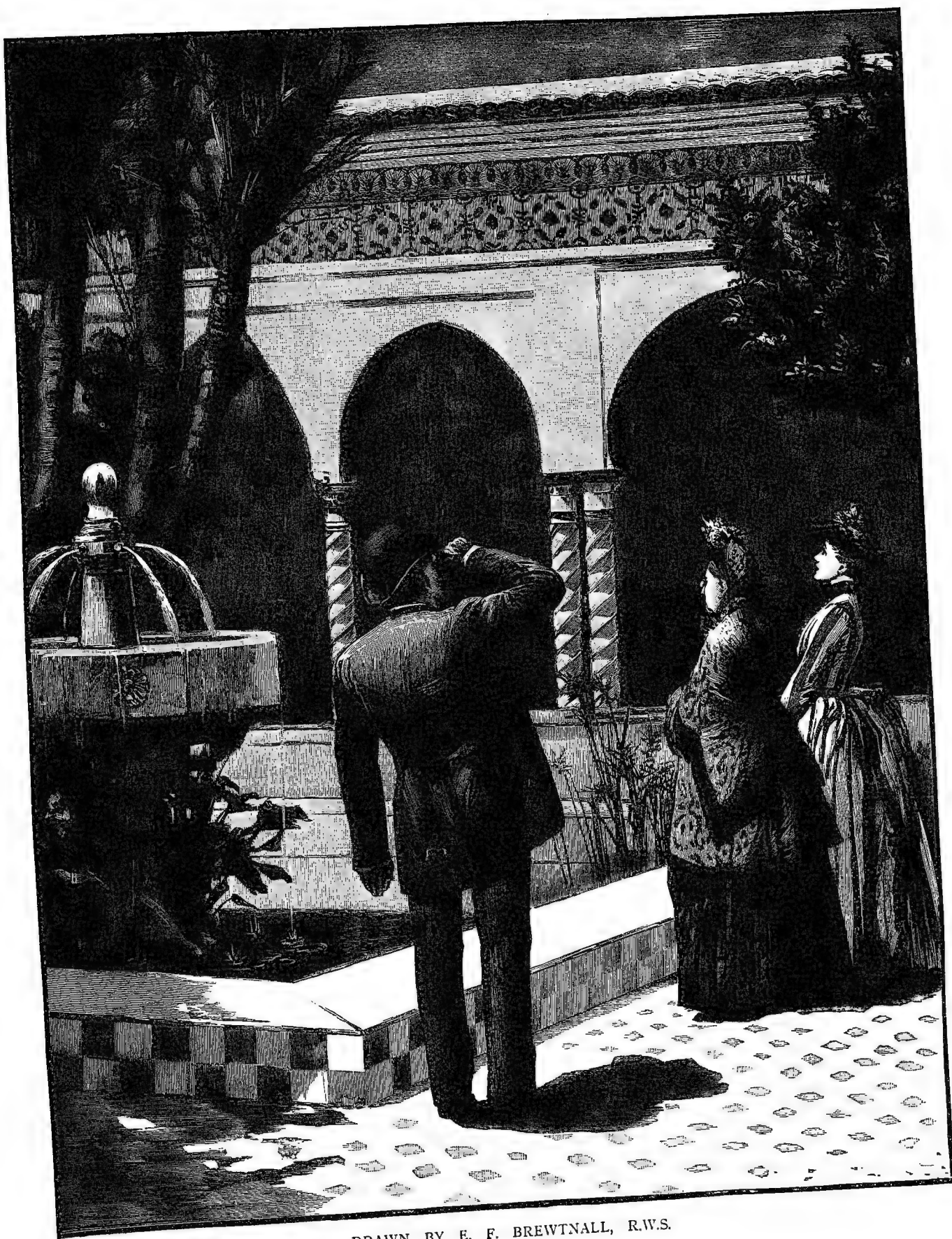
Others drop in now and then through old habit; but I have never seen the familiar figure of Professor Rogers in the Lobby since



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DRAWN BY E. F. BREWTNALL, R.W.S.

A marble fountain spurted in the midst, set about with tall arums and graceful water weeds.

"THE TENTS OF SHEM"

BY GRANT ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF "THIS MORTAL COIL," "THE DEVIL'S DIE," &C.

CHAPTER XIX.

SOUTHWARD HO!

It was with conscious pride, by no means appropriate to a political economist of the advanced school, that Iris Knyvett found herself one bright November morning driving up the slopes of Mustapha Supérieur in her own carriage to her own villa of Sidi Aia, on the El Biar road, just above Algiers.

Iris had had a hard fight for it, of course, with Uncle Tom. When Eustace Le Marchant's letter first arrived, Uncle Tom, wary by long practice in the Probate and Divorce division, scented mischief on the breeze in the very tone of its cautious wording. "You're going to raise up a Tichborne claimant against your own estate, my child, exactly as I told you," Uncle Tom said, with a reproachful earnestness. "The man's an impostor, or else a fortune hunter; that's what's the matter. Either he's running this alleged daughter of your Uncle Clarence as a claimant to the estate in order to blackmail you—the Tichborne game; or else he's running her for his own purposes, meaning, in the end, to hand her over your property and then marry her. The proof of it's clear, for I've taken the trouble to ascertain the fact that he didn't answer your cousin Harold's advertisement at all which appeared on the very same date with your own, side by side, in the Algerian newspapers; and why should the fellow refuse the offer of twenty

pounds reward, payable on demand, unless he had some ulterior object in view, I should like to know, Iris?"

"Perhaps he thought me the likeliest person to do justice to the girl," Iris suggested, timidly.

"Tut, tut, tut," Uncle Tom responded, growing redder than ever. "Justice to the girl, indeed! What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba? He's casting a sprat to catch a whale; that's the long and the short of it. A cock-and-bull story as ever I heard in my born days. If I were you, my child, I'd take no more notice of it. If the young woman of dusky complexion and doubtful antecedents chooses to prosecute her shadowy claim, let her come to England—the Courts are open and there are Deputies—and let her prosecute it reasonably by her attorney-at-law, with all due formalities, in the ordinary manner. Then we shall know exactly how to deal with her. Deny everything, and insist upon proof. That's the way to meet it. Make her explain her father's survival, his change of name, his marriage, his decease, his unaccountable interstacy. Make her produce her mother's marriage lines, her certificate of birth, her vaccination marks, her papers generally. Till then, we don't need to trouble our heads one jot or tittle about the matter. We don't want to get up a case against ourselves for the benefit of a supposititious young woman in Africa."

But, unfortunately for Uncle Tom, he had a client to deal with in this case who was not to be put off with forensic generalisations

or legal quibbles of the most respectable antiquity. "If the girl really exists, and if she's really Uncle Clarence's daughter," Iris stuck to it firmly, "then she, not I, is heiress to the estate; and I won't rob her, not even for you, uncle dear, much as I love you."

"Daughter," Uncle Tom remarked, sententiously, "is in English law a word of a precisely definite and circumscribed meaning. It means, connotes, implies, or designates lawful female issue of his body begotten. And when we say lawful, we mean, of course, born in wedlock, in Christian wedlock, of a kind recognised by Act of Parliament, or (within certain limits) by the *lex loci* of the country where the marriage was actually solemnised. Now, supposing even your Uncle Clarence did really desert, run away from his colours, and marry a young woman of dusky complexion and doubtful faith, in some out-of-the-way corner of the North African mountains, that's nothing to us. The offspring and representative of the dusky young woman thus irregularly annexed has got to prove, in the first place, that her putative father, deceased, lived long enough to survive your late Uncle Alexander. If he didn't do that, be she ten times over his lawful daughter, not a penny does she get by the singular terms of your grandfather's will—and a pretty mess your grandfather made of it. But if he did survive his elder brother, then and in that case there still arises the further question—Did your Uncle Clarence ever marry the dusky young woman aforesaid, of North African origin, in any sense recognised by the Christian

obstinate Knyvett idiosyncrasy of hers came to her aid once more.

"Very well, uncle dear," she said, quietly, without pretending in any way to notice his frequent hints of serious danger. "I'll write to this lady this very afternoon, and ask her if she can tell us where to put up if we go to St. Cloud: for that, I suppose, is the only way I can broach the subject. But, Uncle Tom, there's a dear, whatever you do, don't mention the question of the rising to mother."

(To be continued)



"AMERICANISMS, OLD AND NEW," by John S. Farmer (privately printed by Thomas Poulter and Sons, 6, Arthur Street West, E.C.), is a very thorough and useful volume. "The great American language" is growing at such a rate that some such book as this was imperatively needed. It is a work demanding the greatest labour, and a thorough knowledge of colloquial speech both on this and the other side of the Atlantic. Mr. Farmer appears to have been well equipped for his task, and a careful examination of the book shows that he has gleaned his field very thoroughly. Some omissions there must necessarily be, if the work was not to swell to altogether an impossible size, and here and there Mr. Farmer has introduced words which are no more distinctively Americanisms than they are Anglicisms. Now and again, too, we catch him tripping altogether, as in his explanation of the phrase, "Honest Injun," which could certainly never be used in the sense Mr. Farmer gives it ("an exclamation of address employed very much as 'old man' is"). It is employed as an asseveration of truth—"That's so, honest Injun!" We do not see the word "honing" (longing, yearning); and though "jag" has two definitions (a parcel and an umbrella), we do not see the phrase "Gone on the jag," equivalent to our "gone on the drink." Mr. Farmer gives "cinch" in the sense of "to corner," to put the screw on; but he does not give the other and still more common phrase for the same thing—"dead-wood." These, after all, are minor points; three volumes, instead of one, would be required if every critic is to be satisfied. The essential thing is, that Mr. Farmer has produced the first book of the kind on this side of the Atlantic, and that he has done his work with ability and discrimination. Wherever possible, he quotes authorities for the words indexed, and this makes the book lively for the general reader. The preface is altogether excellent, and the book has value and interest not only for the random reader, but for the man of letters and the philologist. We have little doubt that, for a long time to come, it will be the standard work on the subject.

Mr. Henry J. Barker's "Original English as Written by Our Little Ones at School" (Jarrold and Sons) is an intensely amusing little book, with a vein of sadness. Mr. Barker has been a School Board official, and for a long time he has collected odd sayings of children, comical essays on all kinds of subjects, and curious answers to examination-papers. These form the staple of the book, and no American humourist, with all his pains, could produce anything funnier than many of these things. At times we are tempted to think Mr. Barker himself, or some other adult, has invented the stories, and is palming them off upon us in jest; but the serious tone in which Mr. Barker writes of some of his pupils forbids the suspicion. As a feast of fun, and as an instructive glimpse into the daily life of Board School children, the book is admirable.

Messrs. Longmans and Co. have issued in five volumes, costing together only twelve and sixpence, the complete works of Lord Macaulay, together with Sir George Trevelyan's "Life" of him. The books are neatly and strongly bound in green cloth, and the type, though somewhat small, is clear. The "History" goes into two volumes; the "Essays" and "Lays" into another; "Miscellaneous Writings" occupy a fourth; while the "Life" occupies the fifth. This is called the "Popular Edition." The volumes are well-indexed, and of a convenient size. No doubt this new edition will be much in demand.

There is much that is true and wise in "Concerning Men, and Other Papers" (Macmillan and Co.), a series of essays by the late Mrs. Craik. They are her "last words," and it had been her intention to collect and republish them with others that were never written, but only planned. The longest piece in the book is that which gives the volume its title, and was written in answer to a request. Mrs. Craik's view of man and of his relation to woman is the common-sense one. It is practically that of "The Princess." Wifehood and motherhood, says Mrs. Craik, is the highest and happiest destiny for woman; yet she is not against the higher education or "woman's rights." "While, as a rule," she says, "the average woman is superior to the average man, more estimable, loveable—nay, often more capable and reliable—there are exceptional men, nobler than any woman." Mrs. Craik's views on divorce in the paper "For Better or Worse" are the same as those supposed to be held by Mr. Gladstone. She is strongly opposed to the re-marriage of persons who have been divorced. The book is full of womanly wisdom and fine thoughts. It is a tonic to the moral nature.

Mr. Frank R. Stockton's last exploit in humorous literature is "The Great War Syndicate" (Longmans). Great Britain and the United States go to war over the fisheries. The States are quite unprepared to resist the British ironclads, and there is public panic. In the emergency some men of business come forward, form themselves into a syndicate, and make a contract with the United States Government that they will carry on the war, and bring it to an end within a given time. How with "crabs," "repellers," "instantaneous motor-bombs," and other contrivances, the syndicate is enabled to meet and defeat the British ironclads, and finally to bring Britannia to her knees, must be read in Mr. Stockton's pages. The booklet is full of invention of the Jules Verne order, and may well be read in an idle half-hour. The wildness of its improbability detracts in no way from the enjoyment of it.

The fourth volume of "English Writers," by Professor Henry Morley (Cassell and Co.), deals with the fourteenth century, to which two books are devoted. The volume is quite as good as its predecessors, which we have often praised. The only drawback to the series is that the necessity for condensation is so urgent if the whole of English literature is to be dealt with in the allotted space, that the literary quality of the work suffers. Style cannot be much considered in an epitome. But Mr. Morley gets out of the difficulty with considerable skill, and when complete the series will undoubtedly be very valuable and complete.

M. J. J. Jusserand's "English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages" (T. Fisher Unwin) is a learned and interesting book. M. Jusserand has, in previous works, shown his knowledge of English life and literature in the fourteenth century, and the present book is perhaps as important as any of his other work on the same period. The materials for a close study of English history are much richer and more accessible than they were a few years ago, and to that fact do we owe such books as this. It is more than its title seems to imply. Wayfaring life in England in the fourteenth century was another thing to wayfaring life of to-day, when railways have altered the whole conditions of travelling. M. Jusserand can tell us of hostleries and churches; he shows us singers, buffoons, cheap-jacks, wandering preachers, pilgrims, and labourers detached from the soil threading their way through the length and breadth of the land by

high-roads and lanes, carrying knowledge and spreading ideas. The book is a minute picture of social life in England, based upon close and accurate study of ancient documents, Parliamentary Rolls, and so on. Many illustrations taken from contemporary sources give additional interest and vividness to the text, which has been excellently translated from the French by Lucy Toulmin Smith.

"The Land of Darkness" (Macmillan and Co.), from the same pen which gave us "The Little Pilgrim," shows quite equal vigour of imaginative power. It is an intensely powerful study of the future lives of the wicked under several different aspects. There is, for example, the purely selfish world, where people live in society to avoid their own thoughts, but where there is absolute indifference to the feelings and sufferings of others. It is a dreadful picture of the tormenting character of evil in the human heart. Then there is the hell of avarice, the hell of tyranny, the hell of pleasure, and the hell of science, each, in its way, drawn with a masterly hand. The pictures are highly impressive. Theologically speaking, the writer's view is, that though sin brings upon itself the loss of Divine grace, it does not necessarily carry with it a perpetual decree of banishment from grace. Repentance, and a turning from evil, may still lead the sinner back to light.

In a very handsome volume Messrs. Macmillan have published the papers on "Coaching Days and Coaching Ways," which have recently been running through the *English Illustrated Magazine*. The text is by Mr. Outram Tristram; the illustrations by Herbert Railton and Hugh Thomson. Mr. Tristram has divided his book into sections, dealing with the great coach-roads, such as the Holyhead Road, the Bath Road, and so on. Like M. Jusserand, referred to above, the life of the road is made to serve for a study of social life generally in England during the last century and the beginning of this. Of the old inns, the famous mansions, the notorious highwaymen of each district, Mr. Tristram has much to say, his letterpress being lively, picturesque, and well-informed. The many illustrations are also in their way charmingly done. Mr. Railton is at his best in such subjects as the old inns, and architecture generally, and Mr. Thomson's studies of costume are marked by grace and correctness. The book is extremely entertaining, and excellently done in every department.

Mr. Frank T. Marzials' "Life of Victor Hugo" (Walter Scott), in the "Great Writers' Series," is good work—painstaking, accurate, and sympathetic. Hugo's life was so long and so full of work that the book is necessarily the bulkiest of the series. Students who want a short, but careful and impartial, study of one of the greatest writers of France, will find that Mr. Marzials' book gives them exactly what they require.

OYSTERS

THESE toothsome bivalves threaten unfortunately to become even less abundant than they have been during recent seasons. On most of the natural oyster-beds of the United Kingdom the breeding stock appears to be almost exhausted, and although it has over and over again been said that the spawn of one of these mollusks is capable of seeding an acre of ground, half-a-dozen really good oysters cost at the present time about twice the price of twelve new-laid eggs! In Ireland, a country famed at one time for its molluscous riches, and possessed of numerous productive natural scalps, there are now, putting the case roundly, none but foreign oysters, natives of Arcachon or the Ile de Ré, transferred from the shores of France to fatten in the waters of the Emerald Isle. In Scotland the toothsome oysters of the Firth of Forth have been pretty well exterminated; the far-famed Preston Pans bivalves, the "whiskered pandores," no longer come to market except, perhaps, in dozens, whilst not so very long ago thousands were annually dredged, and oysters could be procured at the old-fashioned Edinburgh taverns in "the forties" at prices which if quoted now would form a theme of wonder.

For the oyster famine, which some economists assert to be imminent, man has only himself to blame. The Irish and Scottish natural scalps having been at one time greatly over-dredged, nature is now exacting the penalty which in all such cases is inevitable, and even with its reputed extraordinary power of reproduction the oyster, it would appear, is unable to make headway against the exterminating bands of dredgers, who are everywhere on the alert to secure such a valuable prize as is represented by a boat-load of these much-prized bivalves.

The latest legislation on the subject of oyster growing and catching seems, as in the case of the lobster, to have done more harm than good, and at the present time there are not, perhaps, more than ten or twelve centres of oyster supply in the three kingdoms that are doing anything like a remunerative business in the breeding and sale of these shell-fish; a considerable portion, indeed, of our present supply comes from the United States, the waters of which are fertile in the matter of oyster growth. France also contributes liberally to this department of the British commissariat, a large number of the oysters bred from the spat at Arcachon being imported to be laid down and fattened on English and Irish layings. The business of oyster-farming is at present much in evidence on various parts of the French coast, where it forms an industry of importance, and, when well-worked, is known to prove remunerative. The labour involved is of a kind in which the very youngest members of a family may play a part, and it is not at all unusual to see the old grandfather, his sons, and grandchildren all happily employed on an oyster-breeding concession on some part of the French seaboard.

The late Mr. Buckland was of opinion that much of the oyster scarcity, now being experienced, has arisen from a deficient fall of spat, but that opinion has been intelligently replied to and controverted by other naturalists and fishery economists, who maintain that the spawning of oysters takes place in due season, whether the waters over the bed be tranquil or not. Tranquillity, however, plays a part; if the sea proves to be in a tranquil condition over some natural scalp when the bivalves are engaged in carrying on the story of their birth, it is highly probable the spat emitted by a gravid oyster may fall and flourish on their own bed, and if it be a proprietary one, then the profit in time—say, in three or four years—will be very considerable indeed to those interested. On the other hand, a brisk wind may carry away the newly-emitted spat to some distant place, where it will, perchance, fall on ground quite unsuited to its development—if, for example, it should be deposited on a muddy bottom, it would at once perish.

The "oyster beds" which we occasionally read of as being discovered here and there are doubtless the fruit of a fall of spat which the waves have borne from the bed of bivalves which gave it birth. It was this feature of the natural history of the oyster which inspired the French oyster-culturists with the idea of saving the spat by providing come-at-able places for it to rest upon, which would ensure its growth, and likewise admit of its being easily handled.

It was on the shores of the Ile de Ré that experiments in practical oyster-farming were first made (in France) from spat washed ashore from a natural scalp. The apparatus on which the spat was collected was simple enough, consisting, as it did, of the loose stones which lay on the foreshores of the island. The infantile molluscs grew apace, and in time, becoming good for food, were purchased by men on the mainland to be fattened, and in some cases to be "greened," for consumption. The trade almost at once became important; and, when it was seen how great was the success which attended the rehabilitation of the old scalps of the basin of Arcachon, there set in, all round the French coast, a *fièvre* of

oyster-culture that is still going on and extending, to the profit of all engaged in it.

In imitation of what was being done in France, companies were started at home for the cultivation of the oyster; but, so far as their plans have come under the observation of the writer, no great amount of success was achieved by any of those who began the business. Had a few of the many persons who tried their hand at the work succeeded in their efforts, "mine oyster" to-day would be much more abundant than it is, and, instead of costing lovers of the bivalve from three shillings and sixpence to eighteen pence a dozen, they would probably have been selling retail at a shilling a score. Some kinds are even now attainable at the price of one penny each, for which we have reason to be thankful, although they cannot be compared with the Irish "powdoodles," the Scottish "pandores," or the English "natives," grown at Whitstable, in the county of Kent—a kind which has always commanded a high figure in the oyster market. The Whitstable oyster-layings have long been celebrated, and they formed at all seasons a happy hunting-field for the late Mr. Buckland, who delighted in exploring and expatiating on the produce of the dredge as it was laid before him, astonishing the dredgers by the extent and variety of his knowledge, as well as by his *bonhomie* and kindly ways.

Whitstable is the home of the "native." Its watery fields are abundantly stocked with these valuable molluscs; and an infinitude of pains is taken to keep up the supplies. The stock on hand at the present time is probably not worth less than about worth a hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling. It is seldom indeed that a fall of spat takes place on the Whitstable beds, for this reason, perhaps, namely—that the layings are composed of oysters that have been brought as "ware" from other places. It is but rarely the case, I believe, that these "travelled" oysters breed. Were, however, a fall to take place of the magnitude of that of 1858, in would in almost "no time," as the saying goes, be worth from twenty to fifty thousand pounds, seeing that oysters of about the size of a four-penny-piece have a money value, and can be traded in to advantage. The business carried on at Whitstable consists of the buying of small oysters of the dimensions indicated, and the disposal of them at maturity—say after they have attained the age of four years. During the interval the "natives" are sedulously tendered and cared for: they are dredged up and overhauled at stated intervals, when the dead ones are removed and enemies of all kinds killed. As the reader will have guessed, the oyster grows with considerable rapidity, so that in the course of two or three years the little creatures which have been bought, let us say by way of illustration, at the rate of about sixpence a hundred, will have become of the value of a shilling per dozen (wholesale price). The dredgers of Whitstable have for nearly a hundred years been incorporated as a society, and their watery province extends to about a mile and a half square, which, however, is not all taken up with oyster-breeding; but the natives have the great advantage of a sojourn in deep water all the year round, and the community is a prosperous one into which, however, no man can enter except by right of birth; only the sons of freemen being eligible for membership. As a hard matter of fact the "native" oyster is brought as "brood" or "ware" from the shores of Essex or other places to be fed into a marketable commodity; but many a mollusc is sold as a "native" that never saw Whitstable.

In the palmy days of British oyster-supply, the number which came to market in the course of the year was estimated at 600,000,000; but to-day, it is open to question whether one third of that number can at present be relied on as a contribution to the national commissariat. At the present time the annual yield of oysters in France has been figured at 680,400,000, a number which is largely exceeded in the United States, from the waters of which 5,500,000,000 are annually taken.

J. G. B.



ELLA J. CURTIS is scarcely justified in calling "A Game of Chance" (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett) a "novel." It is at least half-a-dozen unconnected novelettes, mixed up in such a manner that, before the interest in one begins to flag, the reader is refreshed with an episode from another; and so on, round and round. What is lost in continuity is thus made up in variety; and the method is more successful than, on any principles of construction, it ought to be. Thus one story owes its inspiration to that prolific work, the "Maitre de Forges;" another is a new contribution to the romance of personation, and so forth; so the reader who cannot find at least a favourite plot must be hard to please. The characters are correspondingly numerous, though not quite so various, seeing that, among all the heroines, it is impossible to find one who is really attractive. Even the best of them is as capable as the worst of carrying selfishness to the point of atrocity. There is plenty of sensation, with a tendency to suicide; and altogether the novel, or rather aggregation of novels, is more commendable for its energy of movement than for its artistic or sympathetic qualities. It is the reverse of commendable for trustworthiness on that inevitable pitfall of lady novelists, the law of marriage; and it is to be hoped that nobody will be induced to believe, on her authority, that a separation of a husband and wife by mutual consent enables either party to marry again without the usual consequences of bigamy.

Mr. B. L. Farjeon has always had a weakness for echoing the more sentimental and less satisfactory tones of Dickens; and never has he indulged his propensity more freely than in "Toilers of Babylon" (3 vols.: Ward and Downey). His motive is one which is so untrue that it might be dangerous in powerful hands—namely, that virtue and refinement are the monopoly of poverty, especially of East End poverty, while vice and vulgarity are inseparable from wealth even on a small scale. This is the doctrine of an obsolete form of melodrama, and Mr. Farjeon falls into an appropriately stagey and melodramatic style. So, indeed, did his master, when he had a fit of social sentimentalism; and Mr. Farjeon has evidently mistaken weakness for strength. It is impossible to put faith in his characters. They appear invented to illustrate a theory which has no real basis upon human nature, and, though it may be entertaining, and even instructive, to read about a world which is frankly one of fancy, there certainly cannot be either in studying a picture of real life which is obviously absurd. For Mr. Manners, the converted millionaire, for example, cannot be pleaded the example of Scrooge. Scrooge's experiences belonged to the fairyland of Christmas, in which, as Dickens dealt with it (and legitimately), nearly everything is conventionally lawful, except what is likely; of Mr. Manners, it can only be said that, in real life, the leopard does not change his spots, nor the millionaire his nature.

"John Newbold's Ordeal," by Thomas A. Pinkerton (2 vols.: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.), is a somewhat new study of that difficult situation, the perplexity of a great heiress who desires to be loved for herself alone, and has a natural mistrust of male professions. The problem is solved, in Miss Leigh's case, by the conduct of John Newbold, who, while in love with another woman, deliberately sacrifices all his prospects not only of wealth but of happiness, by rejecting an immense inheritance for the sake of a principle, or rather of a scruple. Of course the transfer of John's affections from the girl who bids him decide between her and "principle" to the girl who understands and appreciates his self-sacrifice is

A Day's Deer-Stalking in the Highlands

IT WAS AT THE END OF AUGUST, and a numerous party of sportsmen were gathered round the peat-fire in a Scotch shooting-lodge talking over the sport of the day before retiring to rest. At length the slate is brought in, so that the orders for the different shooting parties may be written down for the gillies to read, and hung up in the passage likewise for the cook to see what the sportsmen require for their shooting lunches, as tastes vary much, and appetites are remarkably keen in the Highlands.

nervous rider, he had taken the precaution to make previous inquiries from the keepers as to which was the most confidential animal, and has learnt that Craig End is nigh on twenty years old, and a quiet, canny beastie; whilst Maggie, she's the beast to get over the ground. So Smith is quite relieved to read his name coupled with Craig End, and Sandy Macpherson the stalker. At 7.30 next morning he is up and looking out of the window, where nothing can be seen through the dense mist. A decided damper; but the morning is still young, and the sun may break through the dense mist; which it does gradually, whilst Smith is partaking of a hearty breakfast, first a huge basin of porridge and cream, which Englishmen always think it the correct thing to eat on their first visit in Scotland, followed by a substantial meal.

Scotland, followed by a substantial meal.

Macpherson at length taps, and puts his head round the door to say the mist is lifting, and it is time to start, as they have a long ride into the forest. Up springs Smith, and, slinging his telescope over his shoulder, our sportsman finds the pony at the door, and clumsily puts his thick shooting-boot in the stirrup, whilst Macpherson leans his whole weight on the stirrup on the further side to prevent the saddle from slipping round, for Craig End is grass-fed, and as round as a tub.



The Pony Hints to the Rider it is Time for him to Walk—by Rolling him Off. A favourite trick of Scotch Ponies

go to the forest for deer-stalking, as there is one gun too many for grouse-shooting. So it is decided young Smith shall try his luck on the morrow, as it is his first time out in the forest. Then it only remains to portion off some ponies to each party.

Young Smith promptly suggests that it would be better for him to ride old Craig End, and let Colonel Z. have the black pony, being a heavier weight. This is a judicious thought of Smith's, for, being a most

Shortly after they leave the ponies, and Smith and the stalker move on to the spying-stone, and commence by spying round the "Camlet," a sheltered spot on the hills, where there are frequently some fine stags to be seen. Our sportsman watches patiently whilst the stalker's keen eye goes over



They Leave the Pomes and Begin Spying



Loading the Pony—A Heavy Weight

of handkerchiefs the answering signal is returned by the gillie, and, as it is far on in the afternoon, they decide to wait and help lade the pony, as it requires two men to strap it on the pony. At length the ponies come up, and, being well accustomed to carrying deer, it stands quite quietly while it is lifted on to its back. They then start homewards, twelve miles in front of them, so Smith is once more



A Stiff Pull Up the Hill



After a Long Crawl—The Show

through bogs, which they accordingly have to do—poor Smith wriggling and panting after him as best he can. But suddenly down goes the stalker's head, and a whisper, "There he is, feeding up towards us," puts new life in our sportsman, and at length, after an exciting wait, which seemed like hours, the rifle is slipped into his hands, and he is told to take a steady aim. It is a rare chance, and a fine stag. Bang goes the rifle; for one brief moment, while the smoke hangs, Smith is too excited to even ask the stalker if it is a hit. But it clears away, and he sees the noble stag roll over, after running fifty yards, shot through the heart. Our next illustration shows our fortunate sportsman admiring the trophy of the day's sport, whilst the stalker in his usual cool and unexcited voice pronounces it to be a fine beast, and over seventeen stone—the generally guess them somewhat heavier than in reality. Then comes the business to hail the man with the ponies, who is some way off, near the spying-stone. After much waving



*The Result of the Shot ;
" He's a Fine Beast ; Over Screenteen Stone "*

walking a bit down the steep path by the Falls, and letting the stalker have a ride, becomes braver, and proposes to get up behind him to ford the river, letting the deer-pony follow, but just as they are in the middle of the stream the pony thinks 'Now for a lark.' Up go his hind quarters and this happening so suddenly, overbalances the foremost rider, and two more kicks 'end him head first into the river, promptly followed by poor Smith, who is hanging on to him, whilst the pony, delighted, rushes off home, determined to try that trick another day, when too heavily laden.

Meanwhile Macpherson and Smith cross the remainder of the river on foot drenched to the skin, and not in the best of tempers; but they are not far from Macpherson's cottage up the Glen, where Smith is hospitably received by the stalker's sister, and given a tumbler of whisky and cream to keep the cold out, and having drunk each other's healths, and wished good luck to the next day's deer-stalking, Smith sets off on foot for the six miles home, feeling much refreshed, but with a queer appetite after the tumbler of rich cream.

On nearing the house he observes with horror the ladies with their cameras just going to photograph a deer-pony, which had just brought in one shot the day before by another guest, and knowing he would be sure to be caught for a photograph, and asked to stand "just one minute," probably twenty, in his stinking state, he takes a short cut across, and makes his way to the back door, decidedly pleased with his day's sport. Meanwhile Macpherson and his stag on the pony are made to form a group with the one on "Wall-eyes," a most successful photograph is taken, and is the close of this series of "A Day's Deer-Stalking in the Highlands." F. A. H.



Crossing the River, Homeward Bound—"Sit Tight, Man!"



On Nearing Home Two Amateurs Take a Shot; a Rare Chance for the Photographer

easy enough. Miss Leigh is a fine and altogether sympathetic character, and her gradual transformation from isolation, and what threatens to be masculine hardness, into romance and womanliness is well managed. The principal portion of the story, however, consists of light sketches of clerical life in the country, amusing enough, but not speaking well for Mr. Pinkerton's experiences of that particular phase of English society.

"Glorinda," by Anna Bowman Dodd (1 vol. : Ward and Downey), is a harmless, rather pleasant story about life in Kentucky of what may be called the Wide-Wide-Worldly School. There is certainly not much in it—only the usual story of the young woman who finds refuge in true love from disappointed fancy. But then the girl is quite charming enough to have a good old story rewritten for her sake—a story which may be safely commended to readers who prefer grace of manner to excitement, and who, in general, like to take their entertainment mildly. It is very short, and quickly read; and these also are to be counted among its merits. There is really no fault to find with the little sketch, beyond deficiency of colour.

What Mr. F. Pigot calls "The Strangest Journey of My Life" (1 vol. : Ward and Downey) most people would have called the least strange of theirs. It is true that his travels, ended in a marriage; but then that is not strange, and they contained nothing stranger. There is altogether a good deal of sameness about the various stories following that which gives its title to the collection. His hero is nearly always autobiographical, always has a mild taste for Continental travel, and always—except in the one or two instances when already married—meets his fate in a moment. We cannot think that Mr. Pigot is likely to inaugurate the cult of the *conte* in England. He lacks the essential quality of construction. He will preface an incident, baldly told in a page and a half, with enough pages of introduction and local colour for a guide-book or a three-volume novel; altogether his tales remind one remarkably of effusions written in exercise-books in an unformed hand at an early age of boyhood or girlhood—sometimes one, and sometimes the other. But his titles are capital; and no doubt to find a good title for a story is a much cleverer thing than writing one.

FIELDING'S PLAYS

FIELDING'S fame as novelist has necessarily overshadowed, and, indeed, almost eclipsed, the reputation which, in the early part of his career, he gained as a dramatist, as a writer of light comedy and farce. All novel readers are well acquainted with the adventures of Tom Jones, the humours of Parson Adams and Mrs. Slipslop, the woes of Amelia and the villainies of Blifil, while few but professed students of dramatic literature have any acquaintance with the twenty-five or six comedies and farces with which Fielding supplied the stage between 1728 and 1743. They were written hurriedly and carelessly, and were but little valued by their author. Many succeeded, but some failed utterly, which is hardly surprising when we remember that most of them were thrown off in hot haste to enable fast-living Harry Fielding to resist the financial pressure of the moment.

The first acted play by the author of "Tom Jones" was a five-act comedy, called *Love in Several Masques*, which was produced at Drury Lane in 1728. It was written in the same style, and manner as the comedies of Congreve and Wycherley. That it was successful in pleasing the town was largely owing to the capital acting of Mrs. Oldfield in the character of Lady Matchless. Fielding's next appearance as a dramatist was in 1730, in which year no fewer than four plays from his pen were produced, viz.:—*The Temple Beau* in January, at the theatre in Goodman's Fields, where Garrick made his first appearance, *The Author's Farce* in March, at the Haymarket, followed by *The Coffee House Politician*, and, lastly, the burlesque of *Tom Thumb* at the little theatre in the Haymarket. The *Author's Farce*, in deference to the taste of the time, contained a "puppet-show," or a pretended rehearsal of another piece, called *The Pleasures of the Town*, in which one or two notorious characters, as well as the prevailing rage for pantomime and Italian singers, were made the objects of satirical attack.

The farce itself contains amusing pictures of the life of the hack author of the period, his subservience to his employer, the publisher, at whose table he regales himself upon "good milk porridge, very often twice a day," and his inability to pay his landlady, who complains that "her floor is all spoiled with ink—her windows with verses, and her door has been almost beat down with duns." These passages not improbably record some of the playwright's own experiences. Thirty years later, Oliver Goldsmith was struggling through the difficulties and degrading annoyances so humorously portrayed by Fielding; grinding out magazine hawk work for Griffiths, starving in Green Arbour Court, and, through the good offices of Dr. Johnson, selling the immortal "Vicar of Wakefield" to meet the clamorous demands of his much-tried landlady.

In 1731 Fielding wrote *The Grub Street Opera*, the two farces *The Letter Writers*, which has never been played since its first short run, and *The Lottery*, and also added an act to *Tom Thumb*, which was brought out again at the little theatre in the Haymarket, under the title of *The Tragedy of Tragedies; or, The Life and Death of Tom Thumb the Great*. *The Lottery* was played at Drury Lane with no small success. Its topical allusions and scenes were much appreciated, especially as the time approached for drawing the State lotteries, when one scene in the farce, in which were shown the wheels and other apparatus by means of which the drawings were conducted in the Guildhall, drew loud applause from the "gods." *The Tragedy of Tragedies*, says Baker, in the "Biographia Dramatica," is "perhaps one of the best burlesques that ever appeared in this or any other language," and later critics have endorsed this judgment. It abounds in ridiculous allusions to and parodies of the tragedians and the learned commentators of the preceding fifty years. In the first edition of the piece occurred the incident, afterwards removed, of Tom Thumb killing the ghost, which Swift declared had made him laugh for the second and last time in his life. Some fifty years after its first production, G. F. Cooke, the tragedian, on one occasion played Glumdalca, the Queen of the Giants, in it for his benefit. A little girl, then known as Julia Betterton, but who afterwards became the famous Mrs. Glover, played the hero, and with such spirit did the mite act that Cooke, delighted with her performance, took her up in his arms, and held her realistically forth on the palm of his hand to receive the enthusiastic applause of the audience.

In 1732 Fielding, in his *Mock Doctor*, added yet another to the many imitations already in existence of Molière's *Médecin malgré lui*. Three other plays were also produced in this year, *The Modern Husband*, never since revived, *The Covent Garden Tragedy*, a burlesque of Phillips's *Distressed Mother*, and *The Debauchees; or the Jesuit Caught*, which originated in a scandal then fresh and much discussed. *The Mock Doctor*, which Hazlitt grudgingly called a "tolerable" translation from Molière, met with so encouraging a reception that, in the preface to the published edition, the author wrote:—"One pleasure I enjoy from the success of this piece is a prospect of transplanting successfully some others of Molière's of great value." This idea was carried out in the version of *L'Avare* produced the following year; which Arthur Murphy said had the value of a copy from a great painter by an eminent hand, and which Voltaire still more flatteringly praised, as in some respects an improvement upon the original. It had a great success, and has been occasionally revived in our own day; Lovegold, the miser, was one of Phelps's favourite characters.

Goldsmith, writing in *The Bee* in 1759, contrasts the management of the "business" on the English stage unfavourably with that invented by the French comedians. The representative of *The Miser* in the Parisian Theatre, he says, exhibited to the audience the presence of the demon of Avarice in many little details; he would in the midst of a towering rage stoop down to pick up a stray pin, and when two candles were lighted for his wedding he promptly turned one of them down into the socket, and when it was relighted conveyed it privately into his own pocket. But on the English stage, says Goldsmith, "we too often see our fine gentlemen do nothing, through a whole part, but strut and open their snuff-box," and strike attitudes.

One of the best and most conscientious of the actors of a past generation, William Farren—"Old Farren," as he was long called—is said to have made his first appearance on the stage in *The Miser* at Plymouth, about 1805.

Fielding's next plays were *The Intriguing Chambermaid*, and a revised version of *The Author's Farce* at Drury Lane, and *Don Quixote in England* at the Haymarket; all produced in 1734. The first of these three, in great part literally translated from a play by Regnard, first acted in 1700, was prepared especially for the famous Kitty Clive, who played the leading rôle, and who was so long a favourite with the playgoing public. Goldsmith declared that she had more true humour than any other actor or actress upon the English or any other stage he had seen. *Don Quixote* is a very scrappy play, but it has some amusing election scenes.

In 1735 Fielding produced two more plays, a farce, *An Old Man Taught Wisdom*, wherein Mrs. Clive, in the chief character, ran away with the footman; and a comedy of the orthodox length, *The Universal Gallant*. The latter was a failure, running only three nights, and Fielding, not unlike some unlucky playwrights of the present day, complained in his Advertisement to the printed play of the "cruel usage" it had met with, and attributed its failure to the young bloods of the town who "made a jest of damning plays." Our dramatist in the following year took the little Haymarket Theatre, and there produced his *Pasquin: A Dramatic Satire on the Times*. This was the most successful of his plays; it ran more than forty nights, a long run in those days, and replenished Fielding's usually depleted purse. It contains many humorous allusions to the poverty of dramatic authors, and to the difficulties of stage-management with a weak company, and a lack of "properties." Pots of porter are drunk instead of wine, and for the first night of the burlesque rehearsed in the second part of the play an extra two-pennyworth of lighting is ordered. The piece abounded with personalities, and among others attacked was Cibber, the poet-laureate. The part of Lord Place, in whose mouth the satirical remarks are placed, was taken, with somewhat doubtful taste, by his daughter, Mrs. Charke.

Pasquin must have been a profitable venture, for Mrs. Charke says in her "Memoirs" that she received a salary of four guineas a-week, and made an additional sixty guineas at her benefit.

A continuation, called *The Historical Register for the Year 1736*, was produced in 1737. It was not a success, and, with the exception of an amusing auction scene, contains but poor writing. The original of the "Mr. Auctioneer Hen" of the play was a Mr. Cock, whose sale-rooms in Covent Garden Piazza were well known. This play, and its predecessor *Pasquin*, gave so much offence by the bitterness of their personalities, and the satirical vigour of their dialogue, especially the political touches, that Parliament shortly afterwards passed an "Act against Strolling Players," which, among other things, forbade under penalties the representation for money of plays out of the City and Liberties of Westminster. One result of this Act was the issue by Hogarth of his famous print, representing "Strolling Actresses Dressing in a Barn."

Three more trifling sketches were produced in the early part of 1737, *Tumble-Down Dick*, which was written in ridicule of a Drury Lane pantomime called *The Fall of Phaëton*, *Eurydice* (a perfect failure), and *Eurydice Hissed*. These pieces conclude the list of Fielding's plays, excepting *The Wedding Day* (acted for six nights only in 1743), and *The Good Natured Man* (a farce, bearing the same title as Goldsmith's well-known play), published after his death, both having been written many years before.

Nearly all these comedies and farces were what would now be known as "pot-boilers." Fielding lived freely and carelessly; he was always in difficulties, and scribbled his plays under the pressure of duns, and the fear of the bailiffs. But in 1741 he was at work upon the first of the three works that have placed the name of Henry Fielding at the head of the long and honourable list of British novelists. In February of the following year was published "The History of the Adventures of Joseph Andrews, and of his Friend Mr. Abraham Adams." G. L. A.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

MR. GEORGE BARLOW is the author of "The Pageant of Life; an Epic Poem in Five Books" (Swan Sonnenschein). He tells us that the poetry of the life of Jesus Christ has never been understood, and here we have his version of it. His Christ is "the Christ of Shelley and Victor Hugo," and the one, in his view, whom coming centuries will recognise as the true one. Mr. Barlow is didactic and very positive. In Book I. Satan and Christ are introduced upon the scene, in Books II., III., and IV. the whole world of nature and humanity are dealt with, and in the fifth and last we have an argumentative dialogue between Satan and Christ. Some of the poems are written with much spirit, and for those who care for poetical disquisitions on well-worn religious and philosophical themes "The Pageant of Life" should be of interest.

We cannot speak very warmly of Mr. Arthur A. Bayldon's "The Sphinx, and Other Poems" (Tutin, Hull). He apostrophises Byron thus:—

Byron! thy soul by fits was wild and sad,
And he says to the "Spirit of Nature":—

Thou who dost wander
In the still woods at midnight's awful hour
Clad in thy flowing robes of starry darkness.

There is a great deal of this sort of thing in this little volume, where the thoughts are fewer than one would imagine that they should be from the sound and sententiousness of the verse.

Mr. Francis Dawe gives us a volume of religious musings, entitled "The Silver Cord" (Elliot Stock). He is somewhat lachrymose, however, and it is not quite possible to sympathise with him always. One is more likely to laugh than to cry over the following verse:—

I gaze at my faded rosebud,
And gather its fallen leaves,
And the hot tears slowly blind me
As my spirit o'er them grieves.

There is not a little music and happily-turned thought in the volume of poems and verses entitled "The Judgment of the City" (Swan Sonnenschein). Still it is not easy to fathom the drift of the statement about the Devil contained in these two lines:—

He has heaped the people in cities and towns;
Next he will shovel the heaps away.

We have before us the first part of "Mary of Nazareth" (Burns and Oates), a "Legendary Poem, in Three Parts," by Sir John Croker Barrow, Bart. It is informed by devout Roman Catholic feeling, and although there are no very brilliant passages in the

poem, it is correct in versification, and the style and language are more or less in harmony with the theme.

Mr. John Litart's "A Pack of Cards" (Swan Sonnenschein) is most correctly described by its second title, "A Pack of Nonsense." It is almost impossible to appreciate the humour of the poem, if it can be so called where measure is entirely absent. The first three lines may be taken as typical of all the rest:—

At Christmas time in the nineteenth century
A party were together making merry,
And the company was distinguished, very.



MESSRS. WEEKES AND CO.—"Drusilla," a sacred cantata for mixed voices, written and composed by James C. Beazley, contains some excellent music, and is well worthy the attention of small choirs. There are no special difficulties to overtax the amateur quartette and chorus. The story is well told and interesting, culminating in the martyrdom of Drusilla, a Jewish maiden, who, having been converted to Christianity, and refusing to worship Jupiter, is sentenced to be thrown to wild beasts, on a feast-day held in honour of Jupiter. The announcement by a choir of angels that the martyr is safely translated to Heaven takes from the horror of her tragical end.—An anthem which will find favour with choirs and congregations is "All the Whole Heavens are the Lord's," words from Psalm CXV., music by J. W. Jackson, Mus. Bac.—A group of pleasing songs for the drawing-room offers a variety to suit all tastes. Foremost in the list is a most charming song, "Sleep in Peace," words by "Mona," music by Ciro Pinsuti. It is published in B flat and in D.—Of the same refined type is "One Last Fond Word," written and composed by Jetty Vogel and Alfred J. Caldicot.—Two songs, music by Freeman Whatmoor, are "The Holly," a poem by Eliza Cook, and "Eidola," the graceful poetry by A. Turner.—"Little One" is a tender poem by R. S. Hichens, music by Ernest Caldicot, well suited for the home circle.—Precisely the same may be said of "A Child's Wish," written and composed by A. J. Cripps, M.A., and W. W. Cheriton.—"A Deeper Spell" is a romantic love song for a tenor, words by Claxson Bellamy, music by Morse Boycott.—"A Concert Overture for the Organ," by Alfred Hollins, and "Solemn March in C, Minor for the Organ" by N. W. Howard McLean, will prove acceptable to organists in general.—No. 31 of "Favourite Melodies for Violin and Piano," arranged by Frederic Weekes, is "Serenata," by Braca.—A *morceau* for violin and pianoforte is "Romance in D," by Joseph Roedel.—Three very good after-dinner pieces for the pianoforte are, "Berceuse," by Eugène Wagner; "Kab-Moan" (To Molly), a song by Glinka, neatly transcribed by E. Silas; and "Toccata,"—Nos. I., II., and III. of "Dickens Series," by Clementine Ward, are "The Dolly Varden Gavotte," "The Little Dorrit Serenade," and "The Barnaby Rudge Tarentelle;" they are all three easy and tuneful.—"Le Courage Valse," by Cecil Neilson, is sure to be first favourite of the season. The realistic frontispiece of a gallant fireman rescuing a little child will attract youthful players, and lead them to endeavour to master the music.—"Doris Waltz," by Millward Hughes, is melodious and danceable; it has a very pretty frontispiece of a sweet face.—"Vive La Jeunesse Polka," by Edward Cutler, is spirited, as its title would imply.—There is plenty of dash and go in "Her Majesty's Mail Galop," by A. H. Caldicot; it is a meet companion for "The Sleigh Race Galop" by the above-named composer.

ALFRED HAYS.—From the popular Opera of *Nadgy*, words by Alfred Murray, music by F. Chassaigne, we have the comic duet which is the hit of this piece, "Tzim! Tzim! Tzig-a-Zig-Zigs!" "We are the Deities Dramatic," a taking song; "Let Me Woo Thee," a tenor song which has already made its mark; "Lightly, Lightly," the very pleasing boat song and chorus; "Put It To The Vote," which, when sung by Mr. Arthur Roberts, brings down the house; and "The *Nadgy* Lancers," arranged by Charles Coote upon airs from this opera.

SUNDRIES.—Messrs. Gordon and Gotch's "Australian Handbook for 1889" will commend itself to all those having dealing with the Australian Colonies on account of the generality of the information contained in it. The special features of this, the twentieth edition, are an interesting article on Australian commerce by Mr. S. Bonwick, entitled, "The Early Struggles of Trade in Australia," and the "Colonial Buyer's Guide and Directory of the Australian Importers." This latter will prove exceptionally useful to those doing an Australian business, as it contains the names and addresses of all the best and most reliable firms in Australia.—We have received from Messrs. C. Mitchell and Co., 12, Red Lion Court, E.C., the forty-fourth annual issue of their "Newspaper Press Directory." The new edition contains, besides a complete alphabetical index of all the newspapers, magazines, and reviews published in the United Kingdom, a Commentary on the recent Act to amend the law of libel, by Mr. W. F. Finlason, and a great amount of information and official statistics on Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, &c., which should prove of service to British exporters. It is interesting to note that, whereas there are now 2,176 newspapers published in the United Kingdom, of which 463 are issued in London, in the year 1846, when this "Directory" was first published, there were only 551 journals issued in the United Kingdom.—"The Government Year Book" (T. Fisher Unwin) makes its second appearance this year "entirely reprinted and revised." The only notable alterations in the new edition are the inclusion of the summaries of constitutional and international developments during 1888 at the end of the volume, and the adoption of a smaller type, which enables the contents to be increased without adding to the bulk of the book.—"Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench" (Dean and Son, 160A, Fleet Street) is well known for its utility as a reference book on matters connected with the Parliamentary Constitution. The twenty-third annual edition, which is now before us, containing particulars of the Parliamentary alterations during the last twelve months, fully maintains the reputation it has earned as a most useful handbook to the House of Commons.—Another book based on somewhat similar lines to the above is "Dod's Parliamentary Companion" (G. Bell and Sons), which appears this year as the sixty-third issue, corrected and revised to date. Very few alterations have taken place in Parliament during the past year, but what have occurred, including the election of Mr. John Wilson to the Govan division of Lanarkshire, are duly chronicled in the new edition.—Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston's attractive Natural History plates will doubtless prove a useful aid in schools in assisting children to acquire some knowledge of Natural History. The plates are carefully prepared in colours, varnished, and mounted on rollers suitable for hanging on the wall; and at the foot of each are given the names of the animals referred to thereon in English, French, German, and Italian; the class and orders to which they belong; together with a brief description. Two of the best of the series are the Vampire Bat and Flying Fox; and Butterflies and Moths.



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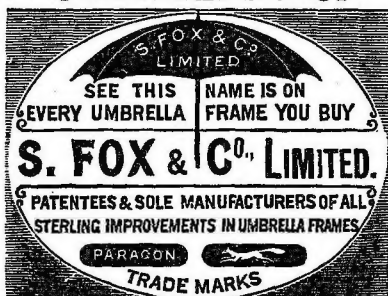
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